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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.	PAGE	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (continued):	PAGE	CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	PAGE
LEADING ARTICLES:		Richter and Mottl. By John F.		The Women of England and the	
Mr. Chamberlain's Challenge	640	Runciman	649	Women of India	652
Lord Kelvin and his Critics	641	Drama at Oxford. By Max Beerbohm	649	The Alaskan Boundary	653
Democracy and Woman	642	Two Friendly Societies	651	Invention and Municipalisation. By	
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:				F. C. Constable	653
A Survey of the Higher Schools of		CORRESPONDENCE:		REVIEWS:	
England: City of London School	643	The Maladministration of the Chantry		The Party System in England	654
Suggestions for the Zoo.—IV.	644	Trust. By the Rev. W. J. Loftie	651	The Clouds of Plato	655
The Tower of Babel. By Mrs. F. A.		Vandalism at Hampstead. By Frank		The Performance of Contracts	656
Steel	645	Rutter	652	NOVELS	656
The Tulip Fancier's Apology	647	The Obsolete Crabbe	652	NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	657
A Divine Head. By D. S. MacColl	648	Gretchen—An Accident. By Walter		SPANISH LITERATURE	658
		Herries Pollock	652		
		Boy and Girl Mental Growth. By			
		Frank J. Adkins	652		

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is no intermission in the tumult of criticism which Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech has accumulated. It was a great speech in a true sense, as Lord Rosebery acknowledged at Burnley. It represented the dominant conviction of Canada, New Zealand and all the South African colonies, except the Cape, and is endorsed by the Premier of Australia. Mr. Chamberlain himself has said much the same before. The list of questions on imperial trade and commerce, which led to the first colonial conference, indicated quite distinctly Mr. Chamberlain's views. But at the last colonial conference he did not feel at liberty to confess his personal conviction; and he was not then, in the eyes of the world, the man he now is. The firmest of free traders must acknowledge the reality of the crisis. One of them, a journalist, writes almost with terror in the "Daily Mail": "If we yield to this madness, which may God in His mercy avert, the Empire will die at the heart." Germany is greatly stirred; and the forlorn hope there expressed is that Mr. Chamberlain is less powerful than Mr. Balfour.

Lord Rosebery, too, in his first speech at Burnley, put the issues clearly and correctly. A plan "offered on high authority and based on large experience", framed with the object of "cementing and uniting the British Empire" was not to be hastily discussed. A "real business conference" would have to meet and weigh evidence before any scheme—and even Mr. Chamberlain has not yet outlined a definite plan—could be seriously considered in the House. He went on to make a suggestion, which we know to be also a conviction of Lord Milner and of more than one leader of opinion in Canada, that the appointment of some imperial council should precede any commercial union, and he concluded with a warning as to its effects on our foreign relations. Unfortunately, but most characteristically, Lord Rosebery, alarmed for his party prospects, has done away with all the effect of this sensible language by hurrying to explain that he is where he was, and must not for worlds be thought a supporter of Mr. Chamberlain. We are to understand that the Burnley speech was specially prepared for a non-political audience.

The plain truth is that Lord Rosebery has gone back on his Burnley speech. There "he had never regarded Free-trade as part of the Sermon on the Mount". Now he goes back to his Manchester

speech of 1897, when he warned the Chambers of Commerce and the country that they would touch Free-trade, by which he meant the British system of free imports, at their peril. How had the Empire been built up but by Free-trade? And he did not hesitate to suggest that it would only be preserved by Free-trade. The British Empire excited jealousies abroad, and if it were possible to establish a Customs Union—and he repudiated the idea as hopeless—we should incur the active hostility of every other country. But it was already dead, in his belief. "I tread near it with the reverence due to a corpse." That is an attitude not compatible with the Burnley non-party speech, but it is the attitude which he now declares he has resumed. Resumed is not his word, he says he never left it; but on that issue we are entitled to prefer his own words to his commentary on them.

We are expecting to "learn on the best authority that Lord Rosebery is greatly surprised that his remarks at Burnley have been taken as reflecting in any sense on the death duties of which he has always been a supporter". In confirmation of which it might be pointed out no doubt that he never uttered a single unfavourable word towards Sir William Harcourt's scheme when it was being bounced through the House of Commons, or indeed a word of any description. What he said at Burnley was this: "The death duties pinch everybody, and harass and annoy everybody, and from that point of view they are what Napoleon would have called an efficient tax, because he believed that a tax must have been efficient of which everybody complained".

Lord Rosebery's speech dealt largely with the matter as it affected private art collections, though we do not think the words quoted can be taken in this restricted sense. His view is that to guard against their pictures being heavily taxed owners will give them away to public institutions. This is an interesting aspect of the effect of Sir William Harcourt's Finance Act: if it comes to pass as Lord Rosebery predicts, the Act, by an accident quite unforeseen by its author, may make for some good. But we wish that Lord Rosebery would tell us what he thinks will be the effect of the death duties as regards a large number of struggling country gentlemen with small estates of a few thousand acres. We fear the timber will go—a grievous thing as all who care for English scenery must allow—and gradually the estates will follow. Lord Rosebery may cater for commerce in some of his speeches, every statesman must; but he has feeling, taste. Would he welcome the boiler of soap, or the importer of frozen meat, or the exploiter of mines, in the place of the old landed gentry?

In the House the consideration of the London Education Bill in Committee has been the main business of

the week. After a display of dilatory tactics by the Opposition in the discussion of clause 1, the House came to the most contentious, as also one of the most important, points in the Bill, the question of the representation of the metropolitan borough councils on the central education committee. Finally the Government device of grouped boroughs, giving a representation of twelve borough councillors on the central authority, was carried by a majority of only 41. Nothing was said in the debate, not an argument put forward, that could in any way justify the presence of borough councillors on the central committee. Seldom indeed has the weight of argument been so heavily on one side. And of the many lame excuses for the Government plan that put forward by Sir William Anson was quite the lamest. Because, he says, the borough councils exist for local purposes, it is eminently desirable that they should appear on the central committee, which exists for general purposes. It is difficult to see any sequence in the reasoning. This argument would show that borough councillors ought to serve on the County Council, and county councillors on the borough councils.

Altogether the Secretary to the Board of Education made a very poor figure throughout the debate. It is rather hard on Oxford that he should be so entirely overmatched by the Cambridge University member, Sir John Gorst. But it is a plain fact that Sir John had to put Sir William Anson right at every difficult point. Indeed but for Sir John Gorst, it looked as though the House would never come to an issue. Politically the debate will necessarily do the Government much harm. They were very near to being beaten, 25 of their majority of 41 being due to Irish Nationalist votes; while the strength of the opposition came from the Ministerial side. Without the Ministry itself virtually the whole ability of the Unionist party was against the borough councillors having any representation on the central committee at all. It is not strange that the Government came out badly, for they were reduced the whole time to a fictitious defence. The real reason for the introduction of the borough councillors is sheerly political—to conciliate certain of the London members—and the supposed educational arguments of the Government were mere pretexts. Mr. Balfour, consistently with his past association with a certain Education Bill, absented himself from most of the debate, coming back in time to discover that he really did not know much about the matter, that matter being a question of the position of the boroughs.

The Radical agricultural M.P.s' ideal Minister for Agriculture seems to be a man who can be "nobbled" on behalf of his own constituents. Sir E. Strachey and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice spoke on the adjournment of the House on Thursday on "a definite matter of urgent public importance"—the appointment of a peer to the office of President of the Board of Agriculture! Mr. Gully is lenient. The only argument, if it is worthy the name, amounted to this: You ought to have a member of the House of Commons in the post, to ensure "accessibility". Those who have seen anything of House of Commons life know what this "accessibility" often means. It means being pestered by the small fry in the lobby, the tea-room, nay sometimes even on the platform at Westminster underground railway station between twelve and one in the morning. We have seen a Lord Advocate literally chivvied about by a large but inarticulate Scot: in common humanity Governments ought always to send their Lord Advocates to the Upper House: Mr. Graham Murray for instance should be sent there at once. Mr. Balfour made merry at the expense of "accessibility" talk—it reminds one rather of "efficiency" by the way; and with valuable irrelevance predicted that no Foreign Minister would ever sit in the House of Commons again. Major Jameson the Nationalist M.P. for Clare gave the Radicals a vicious little dig, and the absurd motion was negatived by a majority of 124.

There was a meeting of forty Unionist M.P.s on Wednesday for the purpose of organising opposition to the "repeal of the corn-tax". What an his-

toric atmosphere the phrase carries! But the question of this repeal may be of yet greater moment, and the preparations for the debate are of concern to everyone. The Government will lose the support of the bulk of the Unionist party. It is not improbable that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, if he has the courage, will speak against the repeal; and the Government, saved from a rebuff on the Education Bill by the support of the Irish Party, will rely ingloriously in resisting this rebellion on the support of the Opposition. The tone of the proposed amendment, as now suggested, admirably suggests the gist of the point at issue. The "remission of indirect taxation" is the fiscal danger; and the danger is aggravated when, in spite of the disturbance of trade and the loss of revenue, the remission is suggested in the case of a tax which was imposed definitely as a permanent addition barely a year ago. In the circumstances the repeal, as the amendment suggests, is hardly decent.

A remarkable meeting took place last week at the Rotunda in Dublin. It was called, as one of the Liberal papers euphemistically puts it, "to swell the Irish Parliamentary Fund": it certainly had the effect of swelling a good many heads as well as the money bags. There was a free fight between the supporters of Mr. John Redmond and Mrs. Kilbride (born Miss Maud Gomme) over the question whether or not the Mayor should receive the King. The fight, whilst it lasted, was evidently very sharp, chairs as well as sticks being used with effect. The injured, among whom were several Nationalist M.P.s, had their wounds dressed at the Jervis Street Hospital, and were afterwards driven home. The "Freeman's Journal" next day described the interruption as "irrelevant", and genially declared: "Last night's great meeting in the Rotunda in aid of the Parliamentary Fund was as successful and enthusiastic as could be desired". From the victors' point of view it was no doubt successful, for about one half of the audience were thrown bodily out of the hall, but with so heavy a bill of casualties the use of the adjective seems almost callous. The flinging-out order appears to have taken this form: "Clear out the interrupters; but no violence."

The general acceptance of Russian honesty in Manchuria is in strange contrast to the readiness to impute barbarity at Kischineff. In the Far East official denial, first of the demands made to China, secondly of the occupation of New-chwang has found no sort of correspondence with official action. That the demands were made is a sheer fact acknowledged, almost advertised by the Russian Ambassador at Peking; and the report of the reoccupation of New-chwang though it was given an exaggerated importance implied no false or extensive accusation; for whether it were true or not everyone knew that, in flagrant violation of convention, New-chwang was not yet surrendered. These facts are plain; but we have no sort of assurance, in the one case that Russia has any intention of evacuating New-chwang—which she promised to give up on 8 April—or that she is not still pressing China for the grant of the special privileges. The "Times" correspondent goes so far as to say that the most important demands, the prohibition of the opening of a new port and of the employment of foreigners in Manchuria, have already been conceded separately by China. But whether or no this is accomplished it is ludicrous for Japan, America or Great Britain even to pretend an acceptance of Russian assurances while Russia is quietly and undeniably absorbing in direct contradiction of agreement the revenue of the only Treaty Port in Manchuria.

The horrors of a massacre such as the Jewish community has suffered at Kischineff are commonly used as a stimulus to random accusations. Some account of the savagery of this outrage and the cruelty inflicted on women and children appeared three weeks ago in a communication from the special correspondent of the "Standard"; but the tale aroused no public indignation, not because the facts were doubted but because the news was accompanied by no accusation against the Russian Government. The "Times" has now given a fuller account of the outbreak of fanaticism

and accompanied it with the publication of a jeremiad against the Russian Government from several eminent Jews. Sympathy with the Jews must be acute through all the civilised world and inferentially it is a slur on the Russian Government that its control was not sufficient to prevent this outburst of barbarity. But there is no indication that Russia had any desire to countenance any sort of campaign against the Jews. The Governor, who no doubt sympathised to some degree with the anti-Semites, has been deposed and we may expect the Government to make what amends are possible. We cannot know by what organisation this outbreak of brutal fury was prepared. But it is more likely that its ulterior object, if it was stimulated by anything but personal hate, was to upset Government than that the imperial Government in any way supported or condoned it.

The position in the Balkans is different, perhaps improved, by the substitution of one Cabinet for another in Bulgaria. There is no sort of reason why anyone in the Balkans or out of it should take any particular interest in the internal politics of any of the States except in so far as they represent a conscious attempt to prevent the outbreak that Europe has been fearing these many years. It is safe to infer that Prince Ferdinand would not have put General Petroff, an old enemy of his and a keen follower of Stambuloff, in the place of M. Danef unless he had thought that the crisis demanded a man of strength. It is hoped that General Petroff intends so far as he can to put an end to the encouragement of the Macedonian Committees and that his appointment is an indication that Prince Ferdinand, who is nothing if not a shrewd trimmer in the cause of his own position, has not determined that Bulgaria must cease temporarily at any rate from irritating the Turk. The new Government has already made representations to the Ottoman Government in the hope of furthering more friendly relations. If the situation is improved in Albania, it is due principally to the attitude of Turkey. The disposition of her forces appears to have checked any organised rebellion, although it must be granted that the promotion of the Austro-Russian suggestions for reform does not seem to be much advanced.

The reason why nothing had been heard of the Abyssinian force in Somaliland has been partially explained by the receipt of two dispatches from Colonel Rochfort, dated probably at a considerable interval from each other. The War Office strangely suggests that both were sent off the same day; but as they contain very different material and the one is marked "delayed in transmission" the suggestion that 4 April is a mistake for 4 May is an unlikely alternative. The earlier message gives details of a considerable fight in which the Abyssinians were vigorously attacked and lost considerably. But the victory was with them and the Mullah's force seems to have lost as many as 300 men. The difficulty of getting messages through is expressly stated and this again suggests that the delay in receiving the account may have been considerable. The want of water appears to have prevented the Abyssinians advancing from the river, so that at the time of Colonel Plunkett's disaster they were further by many miles than was anticipated. Their base at Buseli is roughly eighty miles from where General Manning began his advance and he advanced some forty miles further. The dispatches give no suggestion of future Abyssinian movements, which are likely to be much harassed, if the original plan of a joint advance is given up.

Lord Milner spoke at Johannesburg on Monday on the question of granting municipal and political rights to the coloured races. The supremacy of the whites must be based on civilisation and not on colour, and the necessary consequence, he said, was that when one black man in a thousand raised himself to the level of the white he should be given the privileges of whites. The speech was made to the municipal delegates from all over the Transvaal; and it was important because the Legislative Council of the Transvaal will be mainly engaged during its approaching first session in dealing with the creation of municipal

governments throughout the country. We lately described the Bill drawn by the Johannesburg Town Council and by it all coloured people are excluded from the franchise. Another notable portion of the speech dealt with the fanaticism which would enact sweeping legislation against all Asiatics. It is one thing to declaim against "the country being flooded by Asiatics", which nobody would propose; but Lord Milner pointed out that the greatest danger of every sound policy is the exaggeration of it. The introduction of Asiatic labour under proper restrictions we have always maintained would go a great way to solve the labour difficulty.

On Tuesday at the opening of the enlarged Legislative Council at Pretoria Sir A. Lawley made an announcement of vital importance to the well-being of South Africa. The danger to South Africa consists largely in local jealousies; and in order to prevent any one colony or district interfering with the full development of the whole, an inter-colonial Council, chosen from the Executive and Legislature of each colony, is to be appointed by an Order in Council to deal with all federal matters, of which railways are by far the most important. The experience of the new colonies is likely to follow that of Canada in these respects and the prosperity of Canada has developed in almost exact proportion with the growth of railways. It will still be in the power of the Cape to exhibit suicidal jealousy of its hinterland; but opinion there, if still untouched by enthusiasm for the unity of South Africa, has begun to appreciate that trade can penetrate from the north as well as the south. The Council which Sir A. Lawley was addressing is itself a constitutional experiment that will be watched with keen curiosity. It is a representative body collected without recourse to any popular election. It will gradually resort to the accustomed methods as it is judged that an election will not be used as an opportunity to stir up racial animosity.

Much very contradictory evidence has been given during the last year on the internal economy of the Congo Free State. But without accepting the whole tale as lately told by some of the returned missionaries it is certain that the ideal laid down in the Act when the State was founded has not been approached: freedom has not much "furthered the moral and material well being of the population". The political and humanitarian evils from which the State suffers are really identical. The monopolies are supported by forced labour; and the slavery, which it was the intention of the founders of the State to abolish, is still responsible for the greater number of the cruelties which are practised. Lord Cranborne, in refusing to accept Mr. Samuel's resolution, was unnecessarily timorous of committing an indiscretion. Mr. Balfour took a sensible step in demanding the exclusion of the clause accusing the Free State of violating its guarantees. When this omission was agreed to the Government accepted without a division the suggestion that they should confer with the signatories of the Berlin Convention—to whom the State owes its existence—on the best measures to be adopted for abating the evils prevalent in the country. Quite apart from humanitarian reasons the danger of allowing a rebellious spirit to endure among the African negroes vitally affects this country, though our trade with the Congo Free State as compared with that of Belgium is almost a negligible quantity.

Alone among foreign correspondents the "Standard's" representative at Madrid thought it worth while last week to send to his paper a message concerning a most interesting celebration at the little village of Albuera. We owe it to the courtesy and grace of the Spaniards who promoted the celebration that the column which commemorates the wonderful battle of Albuera was hung with flags of England as well as of the Peninsula. It is a refreshment to turn in thought to those days now when the tendency is to talk as if Mafeking were the crowning glory of our prowess in the field. The "Standard" in its article rightly points out that Beresford was saved by his subordinates when his position became extremely critical. But it omits mention

of the real hero of the day. Hardinge, it is true, did advise that Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole's brigade should be advanced when Soutl had established himself on Beresford's right. But Cole had already sent his aide-de-camp offering to do this. He felt compelled after the war to claim credit for suggesting and carrying out the movement and it is unfortunate that Napier and others should not have done him justice. Mr. Bright in his history remarks that Hardinge "induced" Cole to advance! Napier has described the result in a passage which may well have been the despair even of Kinglake himself; how the English pushed irresistibly on "slowly and with a horrid carnage", till the French breaking up like a loosened cliff went down the steep. Cole entertained as well as fought well: the Duke declared that he gave the best dinners of any officer in the Peninsula.

The Mayor of Stratford in the zest of his enthusiasm for Mr. Carnegie begins this week pulling about the roof of a sixteenth-century cottage in Stratford within twenty-five yards of Shakespeare's home. When it is finished the new library presented by Mr. Carnegie will be by far the most conspicuous object in a street dedicated to the memory of Shakespeare. An attempt is being made to get an injunction to stay the hand of the municipal iconoclasts but in spite of the protests of men of the authority of Mr. Sidney Colvin the difficulties of preventing the outrage are immense. Mr. Carnegie insists on a monument "ære perennius": more lasting than his brass; and the Mayor of Stratford on his behalf supports this perverted ambition. If one of these new libraries is allowed to dominate this street, somebody ought to be hanged as we have said before; and there is no doubt who is the man.

A more cheerful feeling was prevalent in stock markets this week, due principally to the arrest of the slump in South Africans, and to the decision of the directors of the Bank of England to reduce the official rate of discount. The reduction of the Bank rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. came as a complete surprise, and resulted in an advance of $\frac{1}{4}$ in Consols, other gilt-edged securities improving sympathetically. An issue of £5,500,000 United States of Brazil Government 5 per cent. Stock, being part of a loan of £8,500,000, was announced on Wednesday, to provide funds for works in connexion with the harbour, port and docks of Rio de Janeiro, and the acquisition of land and houses required for the purpose. It is secured on the properties and revenues of Brazil, including a 2 per cent. tax on the imports into the port of Rio. On learning of the contemplated issue of this loan the directors of the Rio de Janeiro Harbour and Docks Company lodged a protest, claiming the ownership of a concession for the building of the port works at Rio, a concession which, they state, includes the right to levy a 2 per cent. tax upon all imports. At the time of writing no further details are to hand, but the outcome of the protest is awaited with considerable interest and in the meantime dealings in the stock have been suspended.

There was rather more activity in the Home Railway market owing to the improvement in the weather and easier monetary conditions, but the best prices were not maintained. Americans for the most part displayed a weak tone; singularly enough, however, buying from this side, where apathy has been in evidence for some time past, served to check the decline to a certain extent and imparted a harder tone to the market. The improvement in Kaffirs was due to support from the leading groups, and on this, combined with some buying from Paris, the bears hastened to cover, with the result that the market now presents a much firmer appearance although the public still holds aloof. The Rand gold output for April of 227,817 ounces is the largest since the partial resumption of the industry two years ago. The West Australian crushing returns for April show the record output of 201,885 ounces, as compared with 195,544 ounces for March last and 159,225 ounces for April, 1902. Consols 92 $\frac{3}{8}$. Bank rate $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (21 May, 1903.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CHALLENGE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has thrown down the gauntlet to those whom he describes as "a small remnant of Little Englanders of the Manchester school who now profess to be the sole repositories of the doctrines of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright". Mr. Chamberlain has gone further. He has asserted that were Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright alive, they would be in favour of reciprocity and preferential tariffs. This characteristically bold statement will give Mr. Harold Cox and Mr. Leonard Courtney plenty to do for a long time to come. The assertion can neither be proved nor disproved, and for our part we care not whether it be true or false, for nothing is more futile than speculation as to what dead men would have done had they lived in different circumstances. It is enough for us that the most powerful man in the Cabinet and the Empire insists that "we will not be bound by any purely technical definition of free trade, that while we seek as one chief object free interchange of trade and commerce as between ourselves and all the nations of the world, we will nevertheless recover our freedom, resume that power of negotiation, and, if necessary, retaliation, whenever our own interests or our relations between our colonies and ourselves are threatened by other people". This clear and courageous declaration is worth volumes of letters and pamphlets for and against free trade. But it certainly was an unfortunate accident that a few hours before Mr. Chamberlain uttered these remarkable words, Mr. Arthur Balfour should have explained to Mr. Chaplin's deputation that the corn duty must be dropped because it was held by "a small remnant of Little Englanders" to conflict with a "purely technical definition of free trade". The awkwardness is all the greater because a duty on corn must be an essential feature in Mr. Chamberlain's plan of preferential tariffs, as the case of Canada proves. Canada, the largest, most powerful, and most prosperous of our colonies, has voluntarily given Great Britain a preferential reduction of 33 per cent. on all articles that pay duty to the Dominion Government. When the Canadian ministers were over here last year, Mr. Chamberlain tells us, they offered to increase this preferential reduction in our favour "if you will meet us by giving us a drawback on the small tax of 1s. which you have put upon corn". The Colonial Secretary was obliged to explain to the colonial ministers that individually he would have liked to close with their offer, as fair and generous, but that speaking for the Government he must refuse it, "as contrary to the established fiscal policy of the country". Mr. Chamberlain told the Canadian ministers as plainly as he told his constituents at Birmingham last week that he wants to change the established fiscal policy of this country so as to enable him to give this drawback on the 1s. duty on corn. But what is Mr. Chamberlain's position towards his colleagues now that Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Balfour propose to abolish the 1s. duty on corn? It is extremely awkward, and, we suppose, is due to the fact that the Cabinet decided upon the Budget when Mr. Chamberlain was on his way home from South Africa. Had the Colonial Secretary been present when the Budget proposals were discussed in the Cabinet, we do not believe that the duty on corn would have been dropped. When Mr. Chamberlain arrived it was probably too late to change the Budget. The Prime Minister indeed hedged his book to a certain extent by telling Mr. Chaplin and his friends that "a trifling duty on food imports" might have to be imposed at some future date as part of a new fiscal system, but that so great an economic change "must come from the heart and the conscience and the intellect of the great body and mass of the people". Mr. Balfour said the corn duty had been dropped because it was a bone of contention, and because no tax which "revived ancient controversies" could be "a permanent part of our fiscal system", in other words, because it was being used for electioneering purposes. Mr. Chamberlain, with far truer statesmanship, calmly bids the constituencies gnaw this bone of contention until they have got at the marrow of the business. Mr. Chamberlain desires that the ancient controversies shall be

revived, and what Mr. Chamberlain desires to-day the Empire will desire to-morrow.

Germany has doubtless forced Mr. Chamberlain's hand. Economic controversies are decided, not by discussion, but by events. It was not the arguments of Bright and Cobden but the famine in Ireland and the dearth of wheat in Lancashire that forced Sir Robert Peel to open the ports, though the anti-corn law agitation made it easier for him. Mr. Chamberlain has probably been led to the conclusion that the time is ripe for reopening the ancient controversy of our tariff policy by the action which Germany has taken against Canada. Germany has penalised Canada by placing an additional duty on Canadian goods by way of retaliation for the preference which the Dominion gives to British over German imports. No one has any right to complain of Germany's action: those who play at bowls must expect rubbers. Least of all has Mr. Chamberlain any right to complain, because he is practically asking the nation to give him power to follow Germany, if necessary, in the policy of reprisals. Mr. Chamberlain declares that he is not a protectionist, and we will not quarrel with him about a name. Mr. Chamberlain understands his countrymen perfectly, and is therefore aware that they are often willing to change a thing without being willing to change its name. The homage to the conservative instincts of the British people involved in the repudiation of the term protection is prudent. The advantage of avoiding a particular word was well illustrated by the case of Egypt, which we always denied that we had "occupied", and which we were always going to evacuate but never did. And in a sense Mr. Chamberlain is accurate in denying that he is a protectionist, for it is not British, but colonial trade that he wants to protect against the fiscal policy of foreign nations. Indeed we do not suppose that the Colonial Secretary would deny that the new fiscal system which he invites us to adopt might injure British trade for the sake of helping colonial trade. It is obvious that tariffs which are to give an advantage to our colonies must be chiefly concerned with food imports, as corn and meat are the commodities which we import from our colonies. If we are to give a preference to Canada and Australia it can only be done by putting duties on the meat and wheat which we import from Argentina, the United States, and Russia. And nothing is to be asked from the colonies in return, except loyalty to the Empire. There is to be no haggling with Australia, and if those colonies decline to reduce their duties on British manufactures—as some of their newspapers are urging—it will make no difference in our tariff. Mr. Chamberlain believes that the British Empire can only be consolidated by the union of commercial with sentimental interests; and he calls upon the mother country to make certain pecuniary sacrifices, if necessary, for the benefit of her colonies. It is an absolute reversal of the policy of Grenville and North, and of the whole attitude, political and fiscal, of England towards her colonies for the last two centuries. It is the boldest and most striking appeal ever made by a British statesman to the imperial instincts of an ancient people. For it is an appeal, not to the pocket, but to the heart and head. For the sake of this great idea, the knitting together of a scattered empire, an original and imaginative statesman calls upon a nation of shopkeepers to give up some of their profits and possibly to quarrel with some of their most powerful customers! It is magnificent, but we must warn Mr. Chamberlain against making too large a demand upon the imperial loyalty of the average Briton. The SATURDAY REVIEW has always been frankly in favour of tariff reform. Mr. Chamberlain has asked for discussion of preferential tariffs, and he will get plenty of it. But at the outset of what will be a very long and possibly a bitter controversy, we emphatically express our opinion that the citizens of Great Britain are entitled to reap some benefits other than sentimental from any rearrangement of tariffs, and that the advantages must not all be on the side of the colonies. If the artisans of the large towns are to be won over to a new fiscal system, manufactured imports, particularly articles of luxury, must be taxed. In the presence of big questions like these the fate of Mr. Ritchie and his shilling duty

seems trivial. Nevertheless the debate on the repeal of the duty in the House of Commons will be one of the most interesting on record. We shall then see how the Cabinet will present a united front, and how the Prime Minister and Mr. Ritchie will agree with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Chamberlain. No man capable of reasoning denies that the dropping of the corn duty is one of the weakest most foolish and most illogical steps ever taken by this or any other Government. Were it not that the Radicals are abjectly afraid of a dissolution, and that the Irish want their Land Bill, the Cabinet would not live through the session.

LORD KELVIN AND HIS CRITICS.

ONE of the oldest topics in the controversy between theologians and men of science has become again temporarily prominent by the correspondence between Lord Kelvin, Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer, Professor R. Burdon-Sanderson, and Professor Karl Pearson. The last occasion on which it started into life was in 1887 when Sir George Stokes, then President of the Royal Society, having taken the subject of light and the human eye as suggesting an argument in favour of natural theology and creative power and design, was attacked furiously by Professor Karl Pearson in an article which he called "The Prostitution of Science". It may have appeared to some readers of the correspondence as if Lord Kelvin's authority in favour of the same view would have been accepted, if he had confined himself to his own physical sphere; but the case of Sir George Stokes, whose qualifications were equally indisputable, is against the supposition. The real puzzle of Lord Kelvin's utterance is why he should have apparently committed himself to the view that his own department presents less evidence of creative and designing processes than the biological. All his opponents have protested, Professor Ray Lankester most cogently of all, against this unwarranted division of natural laws. Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer says, perhaps hardly in earnest, that Lord Kelvin wants to keep a free hand for himself, though he hampers the biologists with a theological dogma. It is certainly not permissible to make the distinction; and in fact in every science there will be found competent persons who will accept or not accept from it materials for a theistic deduction. If it could be shown that a crystal could be explained without the implication of design it would be in favour of the Rationalists throughout; you cannot exclude Divine operations from one field of nature and claim it in others. The real question is whether any of them do: but biology with its evolution and natural selection theories or laws, assumed to be absolutely proved, which however they are not, is the most interesting science to which the question can be put.

Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer's contention is that you cannot admit design or directive activity within the four corners of Darwinism: that if you do you are immediately at sea, and science becomes impossible because the regular course of law can no longer be affirmed. This is also the argument against miracles; and yet with all the forging of additional links in the chain of law, science has got no step further in disposing of them on its own authority. It cannot "categorically deny" as Huxley said "that water may be turned into wine". It cannot of itself either deny or affirm the possibility; and it cannot, even though it has advanced so far since the days when crude systems of natural theology were prevalent, on the strength of its own materials either prove or disprove that the world is a scene of creative or directive activity. Lord Kelvin has immensely more scientific knowledge than the man of Paley's day, but he is neither more nor less qualified to decide by virtue of his scientific knowledge on the question of creative power, or design. One would suppose in reading the correspondence that something had happened with the advent of Darwinism which completely antiquated the doctrines of theism and natural theology. In fact nothing of the sort happened, or has happened in the interval. Darwin himself continued to look on his theory all through his

life as if he were a combination of Lord Kelvin and Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer—a kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; and we will leave the reader, if he takes the matter very seriously, to allot the characters as he likes. But Huxley, who had given far more attention to philosophy, by no means believed that Darwinism had made a natural theology impossible. He himself was doubtless agnostic, but he had more reasons for his agnosticism than the physical sciences or the theory of natural selection. Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer and Professor Pearson and other men of science prefer to take an implicit materialism as a working hypothesis because it simplifies their procedure; and they are no doubt justified in holding that the introduction of supernaturalism, especially of a crude kind, cannot help them and may be an embarrassment. But it is certain that none of the sciences can answer affirmatively or negatively whether the world was set going by a creative agency or whether there was an object or design in its creation.

It is a remarkable exaggeration to say that Lord Kelvin's opinion sweeps away Darwinism. Other men have said that Darwinism "abolished teleology and eviscerated the argument from design". It did no more however than show that animals and plants could not have been created exactly as they are now, for the purpose of doing exactly what they do at present; the cat and the mouse being the intended complements of each other. In Huxley's view "There is a wider teleology which is not touched by the doctrine of evolution. This proposition is that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity of the universe was composed. That acute champion of teleology, Paley, saw no difficulty in admitting that the 'production of things' may be the result of mechanical dispositions fixed beforehand by intelligent appointment and kept in action by a power at the centre". Darwinism does not go therefore unless it is arbitrarily joined with a speculative doctrine of materialism. The real enigma lies in the word "directive". Is supernatural intervention excluded from the course of things after creation? Lord Kelvin's illogical dichotomy would lead us to suppose that there might be intervention in the "biological" sciences but not in the physical—his own branch; and this it was that irritated Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer quite justifiably. Lord Kelvin says to biologists, You ought to admit that something takes place in your department which cannot be explained by physical and chemical laws. Just now Lord Kelvin cannot explain the action of radium; and the biologists may ask him if he would think it satisfactory to attempt an explanation otherwise than by physical and chemical laws. The phenomena of life are at least as mysterious as those of radium are at present; and when Lord Kelvin advises that they should be explained by "vital force", or otherwise than on the ordinary lines of scientific inquiry, he ought to be prepared to show that these are not applicable. He could only do this by proving his competency as a biologist, or by showing that opinion has reached such a point amongst biologists that an observer like him of competent intellect is able to say the next step must be so and so.

Very evidently the biologists will not admit either alternative; and they may be granted the right to act on the assumption of the reign of strictest chemical and physical laws. These do not imply the exclusion of the creative act since none of the sciences contains in itself a proof of materialism; they are simply dumb. On the supposition of a creator, which they are quite impotent to negative, they are equally dumb as to the reality of directive acts. Supernatural intervention "may remain strictly excluded from the further course of nature". But also it might happen without being traceable; just as human influence may interpose in a sequence of events without being discovered; and yet the events not be on this account less intelligible or capable of generalisation. If Darwinism were held in the most rigid form that Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer and others would claim, it furnishes no explanation

of ultimate things either origins or ends. It leaves religion exactly where it stood before Darwinism; and if it has shown the process of organic life to have been different from what it is represented in Genesis, astronomical and geological science had already done the destructive work in that direction. The higher literary and historical criticism would have been capable of as much with its comparative philology, mythology and anthropology without any new physical science. There would have been less opposition to Darwinism if the principles of historical criticism had been established in advance of it. Both may be destructive of many things which have been or may be taken for religion; of attempts for instance to combine doubtful science with certain theological dogmas and putting forth the combination as a "reconciliation" of religion and science. This sort of squaring science falsely so-called with equally false religion is, it must be confessed, largely responsible for all this pother. We cannot admire Mr. Henslow's part. In result, however, make as much of the idea of "mechanism" as Sir W. T. Thiselton-Dyer would desire, and yet in Professor Ray Lankester's admirable words "No sane man has ever pretended, since science became a definite body of doctrine, that we can hope to know, or conceive of the possibility of knowing, whence the mechanism has come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what there may or may not be beyond and beside it which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not 'explained' by science and never can be". The epistolary controversy has been interesting but futile.

DEMOCRACY AND WOMAN.

WE commend as a new topic for Mr. Choates, if he exhausted all his sentiment at the Cutlers' Dinner on Wednesday, the views of an American lady who has recently published a book* to prove that in regard to personal liberty, rights of citizenship, and general social status, the position of women in Republics, and especially in America, is much less satisfactory from the woman's point of view than it is in aristocracies and monarchies. There is so much ignorance in England as to the real effects of a form of government which claims to do very much more for its citizens than the aristocratic governments of Europe, that it is worth while considering what an American woman has to say regarding the disabilities of her sex in the States as compared with European countries. In a vague kind of way many people, quite erroneously, imagine that American liberty is a superior kind of article, which cannot possibly be obtained under a monarchy; and we believe that the boasts as to the superior advantages of being an American woman have very greatly tended to confirm this sort of opinion. As we suppose no one is better entitled to express views on this subject than an American woman, nor anyone who should be less suspected of dealing unfairly with the facts, we think it decidedly useful to consider them solely as they relate to the respective merits of republicanism and monarchy, and without professing to agree with all the claims the writer makes for women's political equality with men in the States or elsewhere. Much of what is denied to women there is denied to women the world over; that is a matter which we are not at present considering. Mrs. Woolsey, the author, may perhaps even be fanatical on the question of the disabilities of her sex, and exaggerate the importance of women possessing and exercising equal political rights with men; but as an exposure from one point of view of the pretences of Republics or Democracies in promising liberty to their citizens her arguments compel attention. She proves her case one may say exuberantly; and if she had only extended her inquiries over a wider field, and included other phases of American society, she would have found, we believe, as rich material for the denunciation of the false mask of American liberty as she has in considering the position of women in American life. She does in fact see all round equally

* "Republics versus Woman." By Mrs. Woolsey. London: Gay and Bird. 1903. 3s. 6d.

clearly; but she discovers in the position of the women the one great proof of the ingrained hypocrisy of American political and social institutions.

So far from the position of women being improved under a republic, or the theory of democracy implying the elevation of women, there is no country in the world where women have less political influence than in America and are in a position so inferior relatively to men; and where in consequence they suffer so much injustice in respect of their personal and proprietary rights. Sex disabilities weigh less heavily on women the more monarchical the institutions of a country, as may be proved by comparisons with European countries and America. Russia for example restricts the liberties of both men and women, but women have long taken a greater share in municipal government there than in either America or France, and their rights of property are equal to that of men. In America the old English common law, which denied the ownership of property to woman, and most of her natural rights of guardianship over her children, still prevails, while she has now been granted them in England. European women are not alive to their advantages; and relying on theory as to republics they are, quite naturally, in view of the superstition that republic connotes liberty and progress, under the impression that America must be the paradise of women. In Europe Mrs. Woolsey met with a young aristocratic lady, a member of a society of clever young women who believed that in anarchism or socialism and the destruction of aristocracy lay the only hope of removing the disabilities of women. They held the opinion, a very common and very mistaken one, that republicanism or democracy is one of the necessary stages in passing to socialism, and that consequently in a republic the position of women must be superior to what it is in an aristocracy which seemed to them the necessary antithesis of socialism. She undertook to show that they were mistaken by the example of America. The mentor is quite as wrong as her pupils in supposing that democracy, which may be the apotheosis of individual competition, implies socialism within itself as a principle. But she had seen more than they had of the actual working of a republic; and was able to prove to them at any rate that their ideal was not realised to anything like the same extent in republics as in aristocracies.

What aggravates the position to thinking women is that while Americans make such a boast of equal rights to all citizens the Constitution limits citizenship by direct words to men. Mrs. Woolsey quotes Wendell Phillips thus: "It is inexplicable to me that the Government which is based upon loftier liberty justice and equality than any other should by special enactment empower men to intrench upon the rights, liberties and privileges of women to an extent unsanctioned by other forms of government. When our national Government inserted the word 'male' into its Constitution, it evinced a greater preference and partiality for all the men over the women of the nation than any Government ever before showed for its men over all its women. . . . Any legal or political or civil privilege which the States grant to women is a mere local privilege (not a right) which they at any time can take away from her, and the general Government will never interfere in her behalf because it has placed women outside its Constitution and beyond its jurisdiction". Li Hung Chang said that nothing he had observed in his tour of the world caused him so much surprise as the position of woman in the American Republic. "I found it as far below that of her sex in Christian monarchies as I had expected to find it above. All I had heard about the 'queenship' of the American woman, inquiry proved to be the merest humbug and pretence. Assuredly her crown and tinsel and her throne is nil". Not very much can be made of the fact that the education of the Universities and the higher professions are not open to women in America, for all countries are so far pretty much alike. But there is good ground for the assertion that women's and children's labour is exploited more cruelly in America than in any European country from what is known of the American factory system. Mrs. Woolsey tells of "a wager she won with a Russian lady

that a record of murders, desertions, mobbings and outrages on women would prove that these crimes were more prevalent in America than in Russia". They are committed, she declares, as often by native-born Americans as by the foreign-born population; and "the champion wife-beater of the world is a native-born American whose wife proved that, in a married life of less than twenty years, he had administered to her over a thousand beatings".

These things are said by an American woman who is rather more than usually proud of her descent from distinguished American statesmen and patriots. As to matters of fact and opinion which rest wholly on her authority we leave them there, and neither adopt nor reject them. What she does prove is that while as far as the franchise is concerned American women are somewhat worse off than European women, they occupy a position of much less dignity in the State, and their achievements and abilities receive much less recognition than those of women in aristocratic countries. In republics, if women are not voters they have no official rank or title, and they are practically excluded from public life. No woman can be head of the State, and thus confer dignity on her sex. No woman's name has ever been mentioned in any inaugural address of the American President: no national message of thanks, which would be illegal, nor any honorary office has been conferred on an American woman; she does not share her husband's rank; and no individual woman's face has ever figured on American coins; nor has a woman ever been granted a national or State funeral. The prestige of the sex is not enhanced through the influence exerted by great ladies on politics. We take Mrs. Woolsey's word for it that in America there are no public monuments erected to American women or indeed any other women. In New York there is no public building, street, or park named after an American woman. No steamers or ships of the Navy are named from a woman's name. Whether all this is or is not the natural outcome of republicanism, it is plain that where a republic refuses to confer citizenship on women by the franchise, their status must be much inferior to that of their sex in monarchies. To sum up, the testimony of an American lady is that the greatest misfortune that ever befel American women was when the colonies broke away from English rule, for ever since they have had to live under a foreign flag to obtain the superior recognition for their sex which a republic denies them.

A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

RE-FOUNDED 1834: HEADMASTER DR. POLLARD;
APPOINTED 1890.

WE remember hearing one of the most distinguished educationists of the day say that whatever our deficiencies in educational organisation might be, as compared with our neighbours, the big London day schools would come well out of any competitive test with any country. We showed reasons in our article on Westminster for thinking that the closer contact with home, and the personal stimulus of family life may have much to do with this: Dr. Pollard puts the same idea in a somewhat different way, that London schools are in closer contact with the parent and respond more quickly to educational needs. The headmaster of a big London school probably feels towards the parents of his boys very much what a London member often does towards his constituents, that he may be expected to see a little too much of them: they are always close to him: it is not a question of a formal visit once a year, but of very prompt dropping in to register complaints, or demand attention. The London parent, too, has made up his mind pretty well how to differentiate the schools, and which to go to for the particular educational commodity he wants: roughly speaking, Westminster provides the more purely classical training; to St. Paul's parents would go to equip their sons for a professional career, and to the City of London for preparation for modern business life of the widest kind. The school gains a very fair share of honours at Oxford and Cambridge, but no very large proportion of

boys go to the University from the City of London School, a contributory cause being that the school has not so many leaving scholarships as many others have. S. Paul's for instance, with its 153 "fishes", (free scholarships having been founded by Dean Colet to that number in memory of the fishes in the net), naturally offers more inducements to parents to keep their sons longer at school and then to send them to the University. Roughly speaking, probably six-tenths leave the City of London School at seventeen to go to business life, the remainder staying perhaps a year longer before entering on a profession such as law, medicine, or accountancy: the school practically prepares no boys for the army or navy.

The foundation has roots deep in the past. John Carpenter, Town Clerk of the City, who died in 1442, left a field or two in trust to educate four poor boys to be sent to the University "till they be preferred". In the time of Stowe the trust property produced £19, and the boys were educated at Tonbridge. About the beginning of last century the trust was unearthed, and the corporation, into whose hands somehow the lands seem to have passed, compounded with Parliament to put up buildings and pay £900 a year for a school. By a private Act in 1834 Carpenter's Charity was discontinued, and the school took its place. Premises were erected on the site of the old Honey Lane Market, and were to be maintained by the Corporation "for instructing boys in the higher branches of literature"; and the lands scheduled in the Act were charged with £900 a year for the support of the school; in fact the Corporation pays bills for the school annually of three or four times that amount, but is probably at least recouped out of the surplus income of the lands. The school was moved from Honey Lane to its present premises on the Victoria Embankment in 1883.

The numbers of the school are about 650, boys being admissible at seven—this of course means the existence of a junior school, for boys from seven to thirteen. The junior school accounts for 180 of the boys; the City of London, in other words, provides its own preparatory school. This has obvious advantages in the modern type of school in securing cohesion and esprit de corps, for when the school is split into two sides, as is nowadays inevitable in England, the danger of a distinct social fissure between the two halves is considerable. Of the remainder about 240 are on the classical side and 215 on the modern side, twenty-five or so confining themselves entirely to science. The school charges are as low as £15 15s. a year.

No arrangements are made in the school for special engineering work, as is done so successfully, for instance, at Tonbridge: boys are prepared to enter the engineering colleges at South Kensington or Finsbury, but no attempt is made to compete with these, and rightly: London parents can just as easily send on their boys direct. An ordinary school cannot hope to compete with their expensive plant and organisation.

The division into classical and modern runs through the entire upper school, and on leaving the junior school parents are consulted and the choice of side has to be made. No Latin is taught on the modern side, for Dr. Pollard does not believe in any half measures in this respect. On the other hand science is taken in all forms save the three junior forms in the junior school, and even on the classical side enough science is taught to allow of a boy passing the London matriculation in the fifth form.

The headmaster is rightly anxious to develop the teaching of modern languages by the use of viva voce methods but in this much must rest on the capacity and enthusiasm of assistant masters: probably at the City of London School there are greater difficulties in this respect than elsewhere, for the headmaster has not free choice of his staff, the choice resting with the Committee of the Corporation which manage the school, and we doubt if the arrangement is educationally a satisfactory one. As a natural corollary from the position and aspirations of the school, the authorities would view with favour the abolition of Greek as a necessary test for entering the University, and would welcome half a dozen different gates of entry in addition to the present classical one.

Dr. Pollard views with disapproval the German

method of dividing the classical off from the modern subjects so entirely that they are taught in different schools: it is also interesting to find that he does not approve of the division into two sides, of the separation of two parallel curricula, even in the same school, though modern conditions have forced this plan on the City of London as on most other of our schools: he would prefer to see one uniform curriculum so as to secure the maximum of homogeneity and social unity, with bifurcation, if you must have it at all, only in the top forms. The idea is attractive, but we think under modern conditions Utopian. The Corporation has reason to be satisfied with the success of its educational work, which certainly meets the wants of exactly the class for whom it was intended.

We have one criticism to make, it is not ours alone, for we have heard it from several sources; the manners of boys educated at the City of London School are far from good: what is the reason?

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE ZOO.—IV.

(Concluding Article.)

IN the case of the birds reform is easiest and cheapest, and there ought to be no difficulty in arranging even the present collection so as to produce a good effect at once. To deal first with the birds of prey, whose condition generally attracts the largest amount of unfavourable criticism, and justly. A falconer should be engaged to train and fly regularly all species with which this practice is possible—but, of course, not at living quarry. The peregrine falcon and goshawk could certainly be treated in this way, as could the smaller eagles, and, in all probability, the kites. The brick building now somewhat absurdly called the northern aviary, which largely consists of a number of wretched little cells, would, if these were knocked into one room, make a very good hawk-house, where the birds, when not being flown, could be properly tied up with the customary jesses and leash. As all other birds, except the great running species, should be under netting, there would be no danger to them in this practice. It is rather doubtful, however, whether it would be safe to do the same with the large eagles, which might be decidedly dangerous if out of temper; although the most savage of all, the golden eagle and the harpy, have been trained and flown: the former is still in use in Central Asia, where it is known as "birkut", and is reputed to be able to master even a wolf. The golden eagle, however, has a near relative in the imperial eagle, almost as grand in appearance, but so much inferior in spirit and power that it would be a possible bird to fly loose. For the eagles that would have to be kept shut in, the present eagle aviary would afford much more tolerable quarters if all the partitions were removed and the two small side compartments roofed over. In this might then be lodged either one pair of golden eagles, which would in such a case possibly breed, or several examples of different species, care being taken not to have two birds of one kind, and have both sexes. In this way they would be likely to live harmoniously together, and the space would be sufficient for them fairly to exercise their wings. That it is possible to keep three or more eagles together, if of the same species, is well known, and with all birds, different species are less likely to quarrel if fairly well matched in strength, than individuals of the same kind, on the principle of "*acerrima proximorum odia*".

A similar plan might be followed with the vultures, though their aviary is even more disproportioned to their size than that of the eagles, and ought to be rebuilt much wider and higher. As vultures of different species are wont to collect over the same carcass, although the stronger species drive off the weaker, they could much more easily be put together, if well looked after at feeding-time so that all had a fair share. A couple of years ago a big male condor got into the adjoining cage of the small black vultures, and did not cause them any alarm or try to hurt them in any way. It would probably be found possible to add ravens and crows to this party, and in any case the raven and the Caracara hawk of America, two most amusing

specimens of bird rascality, can be kept together in a large aviary, and give considerable entertainment. Kites and crows could also be kept together if the space allotted were big enough to give plenty of room for flight. All these carrion-feeders are very cowardly and afraid to attack each other seriously, though there would be a good deal of noisy and harmless bickering. Owls, which do well in captivity, should have a big aviary to themselves.

In the parrot-house reform has long been most unjustifiably delayed, for it has been known by private amateurs for at least a generation that very many parakeets, at all events, are as suitable for aviary culture as pigeons and pheasants. All the hardest and commonest species of these birds should therefore be removed to the western aviary, where they would form a most attractive exhibit in the big central compartment. The harder pigeons could be relegated to the company of the pheasants in the new northern pheasantry, where there is plenty of room for them, all that is needed being a few extra perches, and an entrance into the inner house higher than that made for the pheasants. To enable visitors to see the birds in the western and eastern aviaries properly, the dark innermost compartments should be thrown together to form a covered thoroughfare at the back, the heating apparatus being shifted forward so as to be available for the glazed portion in which the birds ordinarily find shelter. These dark compartments are quite unnecessary, as birds do not usually care to stay in them. Some means of lighting the aviary in the short dull winter afternoons will also have to be devised, as it is most unnatural for foreign birds to endure the long fast necessitated by our long winter nights, especially trying in foggy London. The small birds kept in the western aviary should be removed to the parrot-house, where they could be associated in lots in the bird cages now occupied by single specimens of larger species, such as toucans and touracoes—birds more suitable for the western aviary, if this were properly fitted up. The antiquated plan of keeping the macaws chained up to swings should be given up. In the summer they should be kept in the compartments of the eastern aviary, then vacated by the waders, which are lodged during the fine weather in the great aviary opposite. A large cage filling up the centre of the parrot-house would serve to keep them in during the winter. So treated, these gorgeous birds would have a chance to stretch their wings and fly about, and their yells would not be nearly so annoying. The collection of cockatoos would need special accommodation somewhere, as they are most destructive to all ordinary wirework; but as they are the hardest of the large parrots, it would not be very difficult or expensive to provide special aviary accommodation for them. The other parrots, Amazons, grey, and the like, could be treated much as the macaws, being given a large indoor cage in the winter and put into the eastern aviary in summer. If they are too numerous, the number, both of individuals and species, should be reduced. The Amazons in particular are far more numerously represented at present than is warranted by any interest they can claim, and only the rarer kinds absolutely need to be kept on view.

Outdoors, all the pheasants and waterfowl should be reduced to one pair of each species, when these are common; or, when the sexes are similar, to one individual. These should be associated together whenever practicable in large netted enclosures, for no bird ought to be kept wing-clipped or pinioned in a space where an overhead covering of wire is at all practicable, and all the spaces too large for this are urgently needed for the beasts. Not many birds could be bred by this plan, but the commoner pheasants and ducks are not sufficiently valuable or interesting to pay for breeding where space is so much wanted for animals beyond the reach of most amateurs; and if duplicate pairs of rare species are available, they are best lent out to experienced amateurs who are members of the Society, and could give them better accommodation and attention than are possible at the gardens. Any young that were bred would of course be divided between the breeder and the Society.

As to the gulls, all the present pinioned specimens

ought to be got rid of; a pinioned gull is an æsthetic and scientific outrage which ought not to be permitted on the premises. If the "southern ponds" space beyond the present gull pond were netted over so as to form one great aviary, it could be satisfactorily stocked with unopinioned specimens of these large gulls, and storks, cranes, and pelicans could be turned in along with them to enjoy the free use of their wings. The gulls could remain out all the year, but the other birds would need to be taken indoors during the winter, and the indoor pens in the crane and ostrich house ought to have the fences carried up to the roof, so as to obviate the necessity of clipping the birds' wings. The paddock outside this house, in which the cranes and storks are now lodged in separate runs, should also be netted over, and made into a single enclosure, in which the captives could take their turns for exercise; an hour's active running and flying about would do them much more good than moping in a small damp space when they have a day out. The beautiful pair of Manchurian cranes should have about twice the space given them at present, netted over, as this species is the likeliest of all the large waders to breed.

Improved accommodation for diving birds is, we hear, shortly to be taken in hand in the fish-house in the shape of a larger tank; we hope that the exhibition of fish will be done away with in this house, as it is rather a farce as at present managed, and there is hardly room in the Gardens for a proper aquarium.

The reptile-house is on the whole very well arranged, and fortunately for themselves reptiles are usually quite sluggish animals, and would not be energetic even if they had a large space to roam about in. More of the glass cases, in some instances now replacing plants on the stone pedestals, are however needed; and newts should be put in these as well as frogs, since they usually leave the water after the breeding-season. Measures should also be taken for supplying the small lizards with more varied insect-food; but on the whole the reptiles and their friends have less to complain of in the Zoo than any other of its captives or patrons.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

"DO not record beginnings; neither consider the things of old." So said the prophet Isaiah; and, whether his advice be sound or not, there can be no doubt that—to many minds—this temptation towards considering and recording the past is a very powerful one. Personally I frankly confess that in regard to it I echo the admission made by the society man in "Lady Windermere's Fan" as to temptation generally—namely that it was the only thing he could not resist.

There is, in truth, something intensely fascinating in any "footstep on the sands of time", something quite enthralling in the attempt as it were, to fit twentieth-century high heels and pointed toes into the plantigrade tracks which our forbears—and therefore strictly speaking we ourselves—made long ago; in trying to appraise faithfully the values of such tracks and decide whether they were progressive or retrograde; a question which by the way borrows additional interest from the certainty that the answer must always be a purely personal equation, due entirely to our own ideals.

But though this is so, there is one noticeable point in all such inquiries which cannot fail to strike every open mind, and that is the curiously clear intuition of the path which future generations were bound to pursue which is to be found in so many of these records of beginnings. One has, indeed, but to consider the things of old, to discover most things that are new. It seems almost as if those naked natural feet had had clearer prescience of their goal than we of these later years have now, shod though we are into the likeness of nothing in heaven above or the earth beneath—except perhaps the boot-tree which replaces our deformities when we tire even of the last fashion in feet! For there is, truly, scarce one trace of such beginnings in myth, legend or custom that is not the embodiment of some indubitable, if perhaps trivial truth regarding the future possibilities and limitations of mankind.

Sometimes indeed the prophetic element in tradition becomes almost absurd. Take for instance the story of the Tower of Babel as it is given in the Talmud. Is it possible to conceive of a keener forecasting of the latter-day imperialism of the Anglo-Saxon race than can be read into it without any subversion of meaning or distortion of words?

"That we may truly make for ourselves a great and mighty name before which all our enemies shall tremble; none, then, will be able to harm us and no war shall disperse our race."

Surely that is an utterance which might be the combined production of Mr. Chamberlain and the Peace Society! Then further on could allegorical insight be more direct in detail than here—"So they builded on, and if one of the stones fell from its place they were sad at heart and even wept; yet when any of the brethren fell from the building and were killed, none took account of the life thus lost." Is not this a perfect picture of the Empire during the last few years, as it wept over Majuba yet set its teeth over Magersfontein and "the butcher's bill"?

But to a fanciful mind—one which perhaps becomes a trifle maudlin over meanings, as many otherwise rational folk become over acrostics and puzzle pictures—the most prophetic part of the Babel legend is the cause given for the final failure of the tower builders, and its collapse of the building to one-third only of its original size. This, so the Talmud puts it, was "the mutual misunderstanding occasioned by the confusion of languages".

Now surely that message from the past is clear enough for the busiest builder to read as he runs; yet, as a rule, it is not read in its plain unequivocal sense. It is true most people realise that a failure to understand their fellows, with its inevitable consequence of deficient sympathy, is the greatest of all stumbling blocks in every possible path in life. Even the trivial round of daily experience teaches us how paralysing it is to live with people who habitually fail to grasp our meaning, who require a dictionary of derivations on the table as an adjunct to conversation at every meal, and who tie us down to their own terminology in our very beds. This is too common an experience to be overlooked; but it is surprising how few people realise what I may call the centrifugal force of mere difference in language. I mean the underlying difference of meaning in apparently equivalent words which is due to the environment out of which the word has been evolved.

Now the effect of this force is to be seen, I think, more clearly in India than in any other place, and yet in no place is it more persistently and consistently ignored as a factor in the possibility of stable Empire. Scarcely anyone realises that it is almost wholly responsible for the failure of our Western education to evoke a really spontaneous response from the eastern intellect, a failure which is at once made apparent by a glance down the list of original workers in any and every branch of science, literature, art. Where in such a list are the names of Eastern students? Yet such students are no whit behind other students in ability and industry; indeed the last fifty years have produced a young India which in point of education and mental endowment should be as capable of original work as young England. But it is not. As a writer in the "Pioneer" has lately said "The Indian student is taught everything in a language with which he is unfamiliar. Its words kindle no associations; it does not really illuminate his thoughts. So year after year we have students educated in English literature who neither read nor produce literature afterwards; who learn English philosophy without adapting it to their system of life, who learn English history but are not led thereby to study the history of their own country". The writer (whom I should judge to be himself an Indian) concludes his article by saying that the British race "has conferred benefits not a few on India but it has also inflicted wrongs. If it takes from a people their own personality, their own language, it takes from them also their power of self-culture, their power of independent growth in their own realms of thought and art".

Now this, especially in regard to a race whose very method of thought is so curiously divergent as theirs is from ours, seems to me perfectly true, and often when

it is impossible to avoid smiling at Baboo English, it is equally impossible not to recognise the fact that an education which with a fair field produces such a very common result must be at fault. For if we were to put the same man through the same course of instruction, but in a language with whose every shade of meaning he was familiar, we should have a very different product. Most people recognise this dimly, and from all sides in India comes the cry that the education we are giving seems to make the very thought suffer. In truth it gives no real grip on any foundation; there is a certain glib familiarity with the terminology of Western culture, but no real assimilation of its underlying premises.

Of course the arguments in favour of teaching Western science through a Western language are familiar to all. Lord Macaulay was in the forefront of the controversy and did more than anyone else to bring about the present state of absolute unreality in India. But even if science (which almost claims an unfamiliar language from every student of whatever race) be yielded to the advocates of the existing system—though why it should be I fail to see, since presumably it is no harder to import a new terminology into one language than it is into another—there can be no reason why the Eastern student should be placed in an absolutely false position in regard to other subjects. True it is, undoubtedly, that the vernaculars do not lend themselves at present to the niceties of modern thought. Neither did Anglo-Saxon, and it is surely within the limits of possibility that other languages besides our own should be susceptible of improvement, of the flexibility which only extended use can bring? We cannot then in common fairness complain of the poverty which brings us the possibility of becoming rich. Neither is it fair to damn any language in these days of steam printing presses and eager aspirants to literary work because it has no literature. That is easily remedied. Of course in the case of really cognate languages, even of that really cognate environment which often brings, as it were, a similar life history to the speakers, it seems mere foolishness to preserve any language or dialect simply because it is the mother tongue of any particular race. The need for such preservation comes in only as a safeguard against error in fundamental meanings. It is not, either, by any means necessary that the preservation should be looked on as permanent. On the contrary as the life history of two races comesling in the path of progress that which is best in the language of both should—nay! must survive. Surely it is conceivable that the subtleness of Sanskrit might supply science with better equivalents of new ideas than even Greek or Latin?

Leaving science alone, however, is there any reason at all why the native of India should by our present system of education be divorced from himself owing to our contemptuous indifference to the environment which produced him? For, surely, the history of a race is the history of the individual. Let major and minor prophets say what they will, without "records of beginnings" there is no aim in the end, without the consideration of "things of old" there is no possibility of the right understanding of new ones. Whatever the Indian character may be it is the outcome of the history of the race, and every individual of that race has clearly as much right to be scientifically instructed in that history through the medium of the word-ideas which have their root in it, as any English schoolboy has to be instructed in the British constitution.

Indeed, in this connexion one can go a step further than claiming this right for the Indian student only; as a subject of the same Empire, as a future Babel-builder the English schoolboy has equal claim to the freedom of the Indian past. There need be no question of teaching him a foreign language in order to give him understanding of things which—if they are worth learning at all—must be world-wide in their comprehensibility. And there are such things in Indian history though it was easy for Lord Macaulay and his school to sneer at tales which profess to reach back hundreds of thousands of years. To begin with, had we been so long at the mercy of memory and mind as India has been, we might have had like legends, but the savage in word and beads does not attempt to put on record any elaborate explanation of his cosmogony! Besides,

within the limits of credibility India has a history, which if it does nothing else, must fire the imagination of all but a dullard; and that surely is no small gain to those who aspire to universal empire.

As it is, not one Englishman in a thousand knows anything whatever of the splendid inheritance of pluck and high honour, to which the ages have made him co-heir. And so the mutual misunderstanding which began in the Tower of Babel continues in this twentieth century.

F. A. STEEL.

THE TULIP FANCIER'S APOLOGY.

THE English tulip, much in evidence at the Drill Hall on Tuesday, is, with the auricula, the peculiar stronghold of the florist pure and simple. Of course roses, carnations, dahlias and even daffodils are shown and judged on severe florists' lines, but they are also common objects of the garden, whereas the fancy tulip and the auricula belong to a few enthusiasts, who criticise them by certain traditional set rules, somewhat of a wonder and a mystery to those not in the secret. An infinite variety of tulips is nowadays to be found in our gardens, from the early bedding sorts which make large sheets of smooth colour in the Parks to the slender Florentine tulip, with its drooping head and exquisite scent, so common in the southern vineyards, or Gregii all scarlet and gold above the broad leaves purple-spotted like the woodland orchis. Yellow is perhaps the prevailing colour in the genus, but browns and purples and every shade of rose and scarlet are there; some have long petals that fold together like dogs' ears, some again are pointed and reflex in gracious curves so that the widely opened flower has almost a starry aspect. But the hardened florist will have none of them, for him they are "garden tulips" not "tulips"; his flowers must be shaped like a cup with smooth rounded petals, the blue or black blotch that is so general must be replaced by a clear circle of white or yellow at the base of the flower, and while he admits a certain number of self-colours his most cherished blooms are streaked and striped on a determined plan. A narrow scheme that cuts out much beauty, one is at first inclined to say; and indeed it would be easy to criticise the effect of Tuesday's show, even after making allowance for the unkindly weather, terrible upset of the calculations of all gardeners. A row of green-painted boards in which the blooms are stuck at regular intervals, no foliage, not even the stalk, visible; the loveliest flower in the world is robbed of its grace and dignity by such treatment. But this criticism is really wide of the mark, a florist's show is a competition not a display, and the flowers must be set out so that they may be minutely scrutinised; defects and good qualities are to be nakedly displayed and no artistic arrangements can be allowed to cover flaws in growth. Watch the judges at their task, they peer closely into each flower, take it from its stand, and turn it about, they match it with a rival bloom from another stand, in their minds they carry a standard and point by point they decide how far the flower conforms to their ideal. Thus the green boards or something equivalent to them are a necessity; the flowers must be wholly accessible to examination, and neatness is the only general effect that is attainable.

But why have a standard at all is the next question raised. A flower is grown for its beauty; why not judge it simply by its beauty and leave line and rule alone? Indeed the florist of late has come in for a good deal of denunciation, not only are his formal standards decried as artificial, but he is even accused of spoiling every flower he touches. Fashion has been setting very strongly towards gardening and yet the number of florists has by no means increased in the same ratio, the newer gardeners either grow things for their rarity or associations, alpine and the like, or else consider flowers as a means of getting certain colour effects in their gardens rather than the garden as a means of growing flowers. But the florist's day is coming again; among the new recruits must be a certain proportion who will be drawn to the love and study of the flower itself, and it is out of this

intimate affection that the true florist is begotten. The justification of the florist is that he has made himself so wholly acquainted with his flower that he sees its inherent possibilities and lays down rules and standards which are calculated to bring out to the fullest its natural capacities. The quaint irregularity, the careless grace of many a garden tulip is full of charm and at first sight takes the eye more than the severe outline of the florist's type, but these are chance effects of the picturesque order and if pursued do not lend themselves to the improvement of the race. The florist's work has consisted in taking certain qualities latent or dimly seen in the wild flower, such as symmetry, texture of petal, or marking, and raising these to the highest pitch of excellence. The tulip fancier will tolerate no pointed petals because they interfere with the cupped shape, which is the only one compatible with a full display of the markings; he must have a clean white base to the cup because he thus gets a surpassing effect of contrast in his perfect flower. The rigidity of the florist in excluding backslidings from his ideal, fallings away to the right hand or the left, is because he realises that "the good is ever enemy to the best", the ideal may be unattainable but he will make no terms with anything that is not on the road to the final goal. Of course there are those who deny the whole idea of improvement, who prefer the clear frail beauty of the dog-rose in the hedge to the finest Maréchal Niel that was ever staged; all the florist can answer is that if you begin by liking the wild rose and growing it, you are pretty sure to pass onwards to the florist forms. The mind of the individual somehow follows the development of the race, and florist's flowers with their apparently artificial rules and standards are simply the outcome of the work of many generations of men and women who have loved them and thought over them. For these are flowers with a history, with a tradition of the grand style behind them; the tulip for instance was already created, with all its properties and qualities, before it came to Europe from the East in the fifteenth century. In the hands of the Dutch and Flemish gardeners of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it moved steadily onwards, the conception we hold to-day getting more clearly defined with each generation, until the English growers of the nineteenth century formulated the requirements of the ideal flower, to which the actual has hardly yet reached. A few of the old Continental varieties are even yet hardly outclassed, but on the whole the Dutch growers remain where they were a century ago, the few novelties they have raised fail to satisfy the severer standard of the English fancy, even though that standard was originally laid down with some clearness in Holland.

Thus the "properties" of a florist's flower are by no means arbitrary and artificial, or conventions pure and simple; they represent the accumulated experience of generations, the opinions that have survived and proved permanent after innumerable trials and errors in all directions. It is not to be expected that even the perfected flower will appeal to the casual spectator all at once; severer beauties which depend upon form and style demand some training and study upon the part of the observer, if he is to discriminate and do more than merely enjoy the obvious. The visitor to a picture gallery appreciates in proportion as he knows; in his early days he is likely to be taken by the pictured anecdote, by the commonplace in some form or another; and the florist's is an art that has its kinship to the painter's.

But, as we said, a show is not the best place to enjoy the beauty even of a fancy tulip, it should be seen on the bed with the morning sunshine through its petals—all gold and fire—opening wide to drink the "heavenly vintage". But the show is a necessity; without the stress of competition the flower moves but slowly along the path of improvement, and there is nothing like the stern ordeal of the green boards to create that divine discontent with what one has already accomplished, which in the end maketh all things new.

Florists' flowers are often "miffy" and uncertain, "bad doers" in garden slang, not because the florist likes them so, but because they possess qualities he cannot for the time being attain in the more vigorous varieties. Sooner or later a new break comes with the desired

grace and strength and this is the ordinary gardener's opportunity. The mere garden lover is contemptuous of the florist, but he has in the end his profit out of him by taking his best, forgetful of and even ungrateful for the slow steps that have led to the glorious result. So the Royal Horticultural Society is acting wisely in extending its hospitality to these specialist shows. They may seem to appeal to but few, but they are in a way one of the creative factors in horticulture and will eventually endow our gardens with still rarer beauties.

A DIVINE HEAD.

A WONDER of the world, recovered in a Greek island, has slipped back to the light, the staid light of a London club-room. Another head is added to the little group in which the beauty of women and of art have bidden one another an immortal peace.

The Exhibition is one of ancient Greek art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club and would call for a series of notices to deal with it fully. The bringing together of the greater part of this collection and its elaborate cataloguing are due to the energy and learning of Mrs. Strong. For the selection of coins and the splendid series of gems Messrs. G. F. Hill and Newton-Robinson are responsible. With these latter sections and those of small bronzes, terra-cottas and vases I must not attempt now to deal, nor to describe larger works that are already known or famous.

The head of which I speak (No. 43) belongs to that fortunate collector Mr. E. P. Warren. It is so fresh in its unfractured parts that it might be a work of yesterday, if yesterday had a classic genius of this order. The archaeologists suggest the Alexandrian school, or even bring it down to Renaissance times; but the design of the forehead is surely too Greek for that. Whenever made, it is one of the fine last flowers of the Greek idea of beauty in a woman's or goddess's head. The severe selection of that idea underlies the individual sculptor's work; over that is drawn like a veil a soft Praxitelean modelling, but not its caricature, a superficial rounding of all forms. This sculptor drew in lines that sometimes escape by infinitely subtle curvature from being straight, and it is by elusive design of modelling, by the emergence he allows to features like the eye, the lips and the nostril from the general flow of the planes, that he arrived at the mysterious beauty of this head. The parrots of the press who call a modern sculptor "impressionist" when he uses the like subtle invention in modelling to secure expression would do well to learn the A B C of sculpture in this "classic" example. Turn from it to a neighbour (No. 42). There is the stupid excavating and polishing of single features which may be found at all periods. Even the Leconfield "Aphrodite", which the experts give to Praxiteles, I cannot put beside this masterpiece. These too-equal rolls of marble on the neck, for example! But this head comes near the highest and is a fine example of the finish applied at this period to marble; the glister and tone of surface when the final circumlithio had been applied; a very different thing from the raw loaf sugar we are accustomed to.

Mrs. Strong makes a useful protest in her preface against the idea that all Greek art is synonymous with the art of "beautiful" subjects. The version of an extraordinary head which used to be called Seneca (No. 27) is here to prove it; the head whose eyes seem to have a permanent anger against the wry-lined mouth and "notable fœdity" of the chin. Delight in the "ugly" was never keener. But she might have gone further and given a warning that not all with a claim to come from Greek times is fine art. The Chatsworth head of a Hermes (25) looks like poor art student's work in a debased time. Another Hermes with a petasus (9) is a comic piece. Even the "Menander" (26) is very very far from deserving the comparison with Rembrandt that Mrs. Strong indulgently makes. Its features are not really in its head, and the admiration of the archaeologists for the Medusa head (49) seems to me rather astonishing. No: the individual Greek sculptor was held in by a stronger tension of received ideas aims and methods

than the modern: but because of a superficial aspect of likeness we must not superstitiously confound the supreme masters with the incompetent imitators. These failed higher up than many an unaided modern struggler; but they failed as much. They were guided and roped together for the ascent, but the individual slipped and collapsed even as the solitary scrambler. In the present exhibition these variations of quality are very marked. Thus in the early periods the Chatsworth bronze Apollo (8) in the later the Homer (39) the bronze Eros (30) and the marble head (20) single themselves out as clearly from the ruck as the best things in a modern exhibition.

The police work of art has left me much in arrear of exhibitions. At the New Gallery Mr. Watts shows a project such as Tintoret might have carried through; Michael Angelo's whirlwind God dyed in the deep colours of Titian and sowing the golden seed of stars. Between the stick-like lines of the trees in his landscapes and the vague whirl of this, the sure muscular curve escapes Mr. Watts, but the intention and the colour are fine. A very uncertain artist, but one with a true sensibility, Mr. William Shackleton, seems to me to have carried off his picture in No. 1. Out of the glittering track of light on the sea and the figures resting by that roadside he has saved a great deal of the beauty and the dream. In the same room is a little work by Miss Margaret Gere, which I confess I missed on a first visit, No. 69, a work that recovers much more of pre-Raphaelite intimacy and intensity than is common with the followers. Mr. Leslie Thomson and Mr. Wetherbee are notable among the painters here for really pursuing some phase of landscape beauty; the first a warm silveriness of summer noon, the other the chill lights of earlier or later hours.

In portraiture M. Boldini's "Whistler" is an astonishing work. The certainty of his sword-like stroke and the challenge of his forces by the personality of the sitter make the portrait as exciting as a duel. This work, practically black-and-white, brings out all the artist's powers; another portrait shows as completely the limits of his painting and his taste. Scottish portrait-painters, from Sir George Reid to Mr. Brough, figure largely on the walls. Indeed it looks as if the Scottish group were to be the dominant one here in future. But Mr. Hallé, as the Caleb Balderstone of the old family, is magnificent. He multiplies himself, will let no stranger sit in his master's chair, even if he must sit there himself, and lets his empty tray fall with a wild clatter where the table used to be spread. Of the younger men's work Mr. Brough's "John Donald" seemed to me the best performance; less slippery and more solid than usual. If the painter of this could lose himself a little more in search of the sitter, he might come into the inheritance of the difficult instead of the easy Raeburns.

I am too late to do more than touch upon two interesting exhibitions, that of Mr. Selwyn Image with other artists at Clifford's Inn, and that of Mr. Roger Fry at the Carfax Gallery. The drawings of both were what I should call a little theoretical, I mean demonstrations of the kind of thing a connoisseur mind would like drawings to be rather than born works of art speaking intelligibly and directly for themselves. Of the two Mr. Image seemed to me to convey a sentiment and a charming sentiment, more clearly, on a shakier foundation of drawing, a drawing foreign to his usual practice. Mr. Fry's was an assertion of the acutely critical mind we know in his writings, "It is hereabouts at present that I should like to produce." But beyond the indication of a method I could not often gather what was the motive for its employment. The sketch in gouache for "St. George and the Dragon" seemed to me to have more birthright than the rest. There are many ways in art, and Mr. Fry may very likely work backwards from a method to a motive. This exhibition is succeeded by one of sketches and studies by Mr. Sargent. Through all these the habitual power shows of rebuking forms into their place, but not working at its centre or intensest pitch: most of the things show a rather cold and rough exercise of skill. Thus the Venetian sketches are drawn and modelled with quick decision; the way the washes are handled to make a wall turn in the

shadow is masterly : yet the beauty of the scene is not pursued, resumed and captured as it is by Mr. Brabazon. The yellow that stands for bright sunlight in these water-colours calls for more tender analysis. The sketches of Jefferson and La Duse are the finest of the oils.

A number of drawings and etchings by Mr. Legros is on view at the Dutch Gallery, especially the fine series of the *Triumph of Death*. With these is shown a masterly portrait of the artist by Fantin-Latour ; one of the finest portraits, one is tempted to think, of the last half-century. D. S. MACCOLL.

RICHTER AND MOTTL.

RICHTER, eldest of all the German conductors, great and not great, who have visited England, has loomed large in the eyes of London lately. After his reticence during some years past he has suddenly burst upon us in all his ancient splendid importance. Mottl, on the other hand, who came in on a wave of almost unprecedented enthusiasm, seems bent for the present on leaving us rather severely alone. I say expressly that he "seems bent", for it is hard to believe that any operatic management, even in London, would be so fatuous as to leave Mottl alone. Each man in his way is a very great conductor ; and their ways are so different that there is no possibility of any rivalry. There is room for both of them here : in fact, seeing that we have no conductor of our own save Mr. Henry J. Wood, it is a pity both of them do not reside here. But Mottl is the younger and appears to love flying all over Europe ; and Richter, grave and staid, prefers to rusticate, an exile, in unmusical England. And so while he is busy reviving the impression he first made on us, Mottl is fast becoming a mere memory to those who do not get away to parts where music still remains a vital art.

Let me at once confess my preference for Mottl, at least when he is directing the "*Ring*". The man's exuberant energy, the bigness of his readings, his sense of the gorgeousness of ample colour, his emotional force, place him easily first in such things as the last acts of the "*Valkyrie*" and the "*Dusk of the Gods*". Compare his version of Siegfried's funeral march, or rather of the music which accompanies the procession over the misty moonlit hills after the death of Siegfried—compare this with Richter's version, and Richter's seems skimpy, a little mean. It is true that Mottl draws out some of the phrases unconsciously, and this is objected to by some critics ; but surely this is not only better than any suggestion of flippancy, but exactly the treatment such music demands. There is more reason in dragging the tempo here than in, for instance, the "*Lohengrin*" prelude, yet I remember describing in these columns a couple of years ago a performance of that prelude given in Brussels, a performance that was incredibly slow in one sense, and yet in another sense was the reverse of slow. One thought that each phrase could hardly come to an end, and the finish of the thing seemed millions of years ahead—to be hid somewhere in the dark forward and abyss of time. Yet if Mottl is slow in that sense at times, at other times he can hurry the pace amazingly. Consider how he made the *Valkyries' Ride* go, until towards the finish when he slackens to give the brass time to speak. His strongest sense is that of orchestral colour, and next to it comes his sense of rhythm ; and out of rhythm and colour he gets the most marvellous effects. He is a great—perhaps the greatest—opera conductor living ; for he not only makes the orchestra an integral part of the whole thing, but at the same time with consummate art allows the singers to shine also. Like a strong man who can pick up a cat without making it squeal, he, so to speak, takes the singers in his grasp, and if they squeal at all it is not his fault. The band goes its own way seemingly, yet the accompaniment fits in perfectly with what van Rooy or Ternina or someone else is doing on the stage. He is essentially a dramatic conductor : everything he does is dramatic : even his reading of a classical work such as the Fifth symphony of Beethoven is dramatic. Fine as he is in the

concert room he is far finer in the theatre. His dæmonic energy carries the opera along ; the greatest singers become mere puppets in his hands ; they sing the music as he wishes it to be sung. But the point is that he wants it sung as only a great singer can sing it ; and when they sing splendidly the whole opera goes along as a solid, congruous, complete thing. With inferior singers the result is not always so satisfactory ; but even then Mottl's sense of the dramatic goes far to save the situation : he makes the most dramatically of a bad job.

This is Mottl. Richter is very different. He always seems to me like a man of the eighteenth century born into the nineteenth. In his youth he may have been fiery ; but now he conducts, and seems to live his whole life, as if all time were before him. His very musicianship, musicianship of the first order, seems to have been calmly acquired in the organ-loft of some cool old-world church. When he conducts the "*Ring*" he might be an ancient organist playing an organ piece of Buxtehude. It is magnificently done : if no original points are made, nothing that one can see in the score is missed. In the "*Ring*", I have said, he appeals to me less than Mottl does ; he does not rise to the great situations as Mottl does. The thing is note perfect : nothing is omitted ; but unfortunately something is not there. That something which Wagner hid somewhere in his music, which the music puts into the heart of Mottl, which comes out of Mottl's heart through his brain to the orchestra, and from the orchestra to the audience—that magical something is lacking when Richter conducts the "*Ring*". I heard Mottl conduct the "*Ring*" at Bayreuth and then I heard Richter do it. The notes were the same, or nearly the same ; Richter was perhaps more precise as far as the notes were concerned ; but Mottl's reading was that of Wagner's operas and Richter's that of Wagner's operas with a good deal of Wagner left out. The gorgeous colour is not there, nor the tremendous emotion, nor the irresistible rhythm : each phrase is played as, one might say, time-work, while Mottl does it as piece-work. And yet Richter gets through the "*Ring*" quicker than Mottl. Just as an old-time organist would sit at his instrument and play through the anthem at his own tempo, careless of the gasping tenor at the other end of the church, so Richter disregards all the efforts of a Ternina to make dramatic points. He, too, goes straight on. He has his notion how this music should be done ; and he has not a strong enough sense of the dramatic to save him from himself. In a word, his "*Ring*" is stodgy. But when you listen to his "*Meistersinger*" you find a supreme master. That picture of old Nuremberg life appeals to him ; Hans Sachs appeals to him ; and above all that wonderfully intricate score—a score of Wagner's with Wagner in ripe fulness of his powers—appeals to him. His thoroughness, his patient attention to detail, and his curious sort of breadth all go to make a reading which is unmatched. One does not feel the lack of colossal emotion and passion : the cheerful genial music flows along, the singers seem to fall into their places, the whole thing becomes a thing of sheer joy and beauty. There is nothing finer to be heard than this opera when Richter conducts it. In it Mottl cannot touch him, nor is there to my knowledge any other conductor who can.

I have made this comparison of two great opera conductors without any intention of being odious. If I prefer Mottl, it is because I prefer the music of the "*Ring*" to that of the "*Meistersinger*"; but I love the "*Meistersinger*", where Richter is first and the rest nowhere. The two conductors are both in the first rank ; it is well to have one in London to play to us ; it is a pity we have not both of them.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

DRAMA AT OXFORD.

THE British Empire (according to a recent inspiration of a minor prophet named Joseph) will "reach to the skies", some day. Some fine day, we, gazing up into the blue arc of heaven, shall discern two bars of faint red light crossing each other in the

blue arc's apex, and thence curving down to the four points of the horizon. Anon, wondering at this unfamiliar rainbow, we shall be aware of two narrower bars of faint red light, meeting in that other cross, and curving down obliquely between those other bars. We shall exchange glances. We shall be afraid. We shall dare to look again, shading our eyes with our hands. Even so, we shall be dazzled. For the faint red will now have glowed to most illustrious scarlet, and the edges will have glowed to not less illustrious white. Pressing our hands to our eyes, we shall be distracted between amazement at the strangeness of the phenomenon and a baffling sense that somehow the phenomenon is not strange at all. And then, suddenly, the truth shall flash into our brains. And we shall clap one another on the back, and grip one another by the hand, and toss our hats into the air, towards that glorious apex, knowing that now, at length, all's right with the world.

As the prophecy came to us here only in the curt form of a cablegram from South Africa, we know not whether its maker fixed any exact date for its fulfilment. Obviously, a good deal will have to happen in the meanwhile. Prayer and fasting are not, indeed, means which one would connect with such an end. But of "efficiency" and "hustling" there must needs be much. Our young men must on no account dream dreams, if this one is to come true. They must, in accord to the exhortation of that fiery evangelist, the Prince of Wales, "wake up". They must be more American than the Americans—more "strenuous", more snapful, nervier, quicker in the uptake. They must not go to Oxford. That would be fatal. At any rate, it would be fatal so long as Oxford were unregenerate. Oxford, therefore, is generally regarded as "on trial" and "at the cross-roads". Will she, the Benign Mother, jerk herself up to date, and qualify to become a mother of commercial heroes, or will she go benignly on, in fondness of her remote traditions, cumbering the earth—that very portion of the earth which is to be levelled up to the sky—with her customary brood of erudite and thoughtful ne'er-do-weels? The difference between what she still gives and what is now demanded of her resolves itself, for me, into the trite distinction between the angels and the apes. Is Oxford to teach us the words that angels sang or the words that apes chatter? Personally, I take the same side as was taken by the inventor of that distinction. Let us hustle up sky-high with all possible speed; only let us, I murmur, agree to sacrifice one rung from our projected ladder. Let us spare Oxford. Let us keep it, that dear place, if only as a curiosity, a relic of our dark ages. It need do no harm. There is the University of Birmingham, to which we can send all the finest flower of our youth, to be tended to the finest pitch of commercial culture. For the rest, let London, Durham, Edinburgh, Cambridge and Glasgow put their hot-houses in order, to receive all the flower that is not quite so fine but is yet worthy of attention. To Oxford we need send only the negligible blossoms. To Oxford need be affiliated as scholars only the halt, the maim, and the blind, the congenitally incapable of hustling our empire upwards—"our failures", in fine. Let Oxford become a home for the incurable, since only so can it preserve its own intrinsic and incomparable charm without standing between us and the sky.

You see I do not ask overmuch. I am not unreasonable, not unpractical. Indeed, I think I am more practical, really, than they who take that epithet as their label. Having regard to the appalling physical degeneracy produced already by that modern mode of life which has only just begun, and which, as the years go on, is to continue in an ever-acuter form, I believe—nay! like any other clear-sighted and far-sighted person, I know—that the human race, if it be not averse from total extinction, will have to cry halt, and right-about-turn to the slow old simple ways from which healthy human organisms were evolved. How soon this time will come, I cannot, of course, calculate. It may come later than the fulfilment of Mr. Chamberlain's prophecy, or it may come so soon as to prevent that charming prophecy from being fulfilled. But come it will. And so, meanwhile, would it not be well for us to reserve one place where the secrets of the old simple ways can

be hoarded—one place, as who should say, for future reference; one place to fall back on?

My own feeling is, not that Oxford is too remote from the stress of modern life, but that it is not nearly remote enough. Its curriculum of study is still ornamental, rather than useful; but its aspect, and its life, have lost much of their peculiar magic, by concession to the Zeitgeist. Were I a millionaire, I should straightway buy up all the land round Oxford, and cause to be demolished the whole loathsome congeries of red-brick villas encircling and hiding and profaning Oxford's beauty, so that, as of yore, those spires and towers should stand alone, in their little compass, visible from a great distance, with nothing but the damp green meadows, their proper setting, round them. Were I a Member of Parliament, I should not rest till I had forced into the statute-book a bill I have long drafted in my heart—a bill by which the Great Western Railway Company would be compelled to remove all traces of Oxford Station, and to divert their unhallowed rails in a circuit of not less than twenty miles distant from the Benign Mother. Then, and not till then, &c.

Such are my sentiments about Oxford; and, though they be expressed with a trifle of fantastic exaggeration, they are quite sincerely held by me. If you do not believe that I would really push Oxford further into the past, you will, at any rate, give me credit for sincerity when I declare my wish that she be not protruded into the future. You will not be surprised that I, a dramatic critic much more interested in modern drama than in any other kind, cordially endorse the rule by which the undergraduate mimes of Oxford are restricted to classic drama. I have always thought it a pity, even, that Dr. Jowett (that least Oxfordish of Oxford men) succeeded in establishing a theatre in which undergraduates could attend the performance of modern plays. Were I his successor at Balliol, I should atone by using all my influence to crush the slightest symptom of a movement against the classic restriction laid on the O.U.D.S. I hear vague rumours that the members of this society are, indeed, anxious to be let loose on the drama of to-day. I trust that the authorities will not unbend. It is true that, in recent years, there has been a certain monotony in the society's productions. But this is not the fault of the restriction. It is that the society has not been ranging over the very wide field open to it. In 1890 "Strafford" was performed; two years later, "The Frogs". But since then, so far as I remember, there has been nothing except Shakespearian drama. Both "Strafford" and "The Frogs" were very popular: the one by reason of Mr. H. B. Irving's premature ability; the other by reason of the fun of Aristophanes, unblurred by time. (Who could say that of Shakespeare's fun?) In default of a second Mr. H. B. Irving, why not give Aristophanes another trial? Or, if the present members are too vague in their Greek, why not try Ben Jonson? A performance of (say) "The Alchemist" would be delightful. At any rate (and this is what the O.U.D.S. really needs) it would be a change. Very limited is their choice among the plays of Shakespeare. Some of these are impossible, as demanding in some one actor greater power and experience than any amateur can possess. Others are impossible because they could never be popular on the stage. This latter objection would not hold if the society were so endowed and so conducted that the box-office could go hang. But the society has to pay its way, and, judging by the very metropolitan elaborateness of this year's production, I suspect that this way is no bagatelle. So, under the present policy, the society's choice is confined to a very few Shakespearian plays, which everyone has seen performed several times by professionals. This evokes not merely a sense of monotony, but evokes also pleasure-spoiling comparisons. And so a local institution, which might have a lively character of its own, degenerates into a vehicle for copies of what we have seen done much better, and too often, elsewhere.

In one respect, certainly, "The Merchant of Venice", as produced in Oxford, differs from what we are accustomed to in London. We see the play some-

what more in its Elizabethan proportions. Shylock, of course, was the only thing in it that interested Shakespeare—the only thing on which he bestowed a loving care. Yet—and here is exemplified the mischief of his beholdenment to other people for his plots—Shylock is not the central figure in the play. The silly manœuvres of Portia and her suitors are quite as prominent as Shylock's soul. We, in this century, are bored by those manœuvres, and are rapt in that soul. The actor-manager, as Shylock, gratifies our preference, forcing Shylock out of the picture. At Oxford, however, there is a tradition of modesty, and also there is the disability of amateurishness, inasmuch that the balance between the two parts of the play is redressed. We see the play as it was written for its age. We see the Jew that Shakespeare drew, not an adumbration of the Jew that he wanted to draw, and would have drawn had he been living at this hour. Mr. B. Forsyth (Christ Church) impersonates Shylock proper with much propriety and intelligence. Mr. A. P. Boissier (Balliol), as Launcelot Gobbo, is extremely funny. But Bassanio, and the Princes of Morocco and Aragon, and the other romantic personages, fare ill indeed. One very good reason why the O.U.D.S. should give Shakespeare a rest is that all his plays teem with romantic love-affairs. In public, at any rate, undergraduates do not, and will never, shine as romantic lovers. They cannot conceal the shyness, nor reveal the ardour, of youth.

MAX BEERBOHM.

TWO FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

IT is difficult to overestimate the value of the work done by the best of the friendly societies in this country. Among these societies the National Deposit Friendly Society holds a high place. It was founded in 1868, and now has a membership of 90,000, with invested funds amounting to £360,000. The Duke of Northumberland is the president, and the list of vice-presidents and committees contains the names of many men who could safely be trusted to avoid lending their assistance to a society that was in any way unsound or unsatisfactory.

It is, however, only necessary to consider the system on which the society works, and to examine its accounts for the past few years to see that its methods are extremely good and its financial position entirely sound. It is a notorious fact that the financial position of many friendly societies is far from satisfactory, but, partly because of the system adopted by the National Deposit, and partly because of the capability with which its affairs have been managed, this society is entirely free from any such reproach. The system adopted combines the features of a friendly society with those of a savings bank, and the legal constitution is duly provided for under an Act of Parliament passed in 1875.

Out of the payments made by members a certain sum is taken for the Benefit Fund, and the remainder is credited to the members in their savings bank, or deposit, accounts. In the event of illness a proportion of sick pay is drawn from the Benefit Fund, and the remainder from the Deposit Account. When this latter is exhausted the allowance from the Benefit Fund also ceases, subject to a provision for a further allowance for "grace pay" out of a special fund. The conditions further provide that a member may have his own doctor, and that the society will pay a large proportion of the medical fees, and life assurance up to £200 is granted on moderate terms. The members are encouraged to make their deposits as large as possible, since by so doing they increase in various ways the benefits to which they are entitled, especially in connexion with old age pay, and old age pensions, which are of course larger when the deposits are large than when they are small, and are further augmented if the claims for sick pay have been small.

The society has an excellent plan of collecting more than is necessary for sick pay, and at the end of

each year transferring the balance that remains to the deposit accounts of the members. This is not only an admirable provision for safety, but is a distinct encouragement to thrift, and works out very advantageously for the members. Speaking especially in connexion with the National Deposit Friendly Society, Mr. Brabrook, chief registrar of friendly societies, makes the very appropriate comment that "the element of insurance in the contract is so small that there is no fear of insolvency, and no necessity for valuation". Considering the state of many friendly societies at the present time, this society, which provides an effective savings bank, provision of sick pay, the payment of medical fees, provision for old age, and a substantial contribution to funeral expenses, may fairly be said to cover all the financial needs of the class to which it appeals. Its work is so good, its system so well designed, and its financial position so sound that it well deserves the support and encouragement of every one interested in the wage-earners of the United Kingdom of both sexes.

It has nearly one thousand branches scattered throughout the country in both towns and villages, and the further extension of the society is an unquestionable benefit to the community at large.

The Ancient Order of Foresters is one of the largest, and one of the oldest of the friendly societies, and works in many ways on quite different lines from the National Deposit. The quarterly report of the executive council which has recently been issued contains the important announcement that the Order is starting a life assurance department, issuing whole life and endowment assurance policies at "rates below those of insurance companies generally". We doubt the wisdom of this new departure, and unless it is very carefully handled it is not unlikely to prove a source of trouble to the Order. The report unfortunately contains evidence that the Order is entering upon this new work in a highly objectionable spirit, since it devotes eight pages of the report to the reprint of an unfair and inaccurate article about another society which many years ago was an offshoot of the Ancient Order of Foresters. If the new departure of the Order were worked upon respectable lines the benefits to the Order would be highly questionable; and if it means to pursue the tactics of unscrupulous attacks upon other societies, indicated in the present report, there is still more reason to fear that the members of the Ancient Order will have serious cause to regret the recent decision of their executive.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MALADMINISTRATION OF THE CHANTREY TRUST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 May, 1903.

SIR,—I perceived last week that you mentioned some articles on the maladministration of the Chantrey Fund, which appeared in the "National Observer" ten years ago. May I mention that both in those articles and also in the SATURDAY REVIEW itself I frequently called attention to the subject? I think my last article, a leader, was published on 26 July, 1890. In it I specially called attention to a clause in the will which provided that the trustees were not "to allow any feeling of sympathy with an artist or his family by reason of his or their circumstances, to influence them", a clause violated in the choice of the first purchase, a very poor picture, now I think withdrawn from exhibition, which was bought to relieve the family of a recently deceased painter of very moderate merit, at the best. I also reminded your readers that by another clause the trustees might allow the annual income of the fund to accumulate for as long as five years in case no "work of the highest art" is offered.

In common with most lovers of art and with all lovers of what is right, I rejoice to find your contributor protesting so plainly and vigorously about what cannot be truly described as anything but a misuse of public

money. I trust his exertions may be more successful than were those of your obedient servant,

W. J. LOFTIE.

[We shall revert to the subject of Mr. Loftie's letter next week.—ED. S. R.]

VANDALISM AT HAMPSTEAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 and 9 Essex Street, London, W.C.

6 May, 1903.

SIR,—About twelve months ago your contributor "D. S. M." confessed that for him "the real picture of the year" was "a landscape, and one not painted but preserved; the View from Richmond Hill". Will you permit me to draw his attention to another natural landscape in sore need of preservation? The glorious view from the north-west of Hampstead Heath is in grave danger. The fields and hedges around "Tooley's Farm" are like to be replaced by rows of jerry-built villas. Plans for cutting up the surrounding country into building plots are already in existence, and in order that the multitude may come and rejoice in this work of destruction a "Tube" railway station is to be erected on the site of the picturesque private residence known as Wyldes', and formerly as Collins' Farm, where Blake at one time dwelt. The Eton College Trustees, who are the owners of this land have, I understand, been approached on the subject and have expressed their willingness to sell "some of it" to be kept as an open space. Thirty-two years ago a despised and rejected Metropolitan Board of Works secured the manorial rights of Hampstead Heath for the very moderate sum of £45,000. Will the County Council, with its infinite capacity for spending, allow this prudent investment of its predecessor to depreciate for want of a little more capital expenditure?

I am, yours faithfully,

FRANK RUTTER.

THE OBSOLETE CRABBE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Isthmian Club, Piccadilly, W.

SIR,—Apropos of Crabbe the following, from Macaulay's essays, is interesting: "That incomparable passage from Crabbe's 'Borough' which has made many a rough and cynical reader cry like a child." Doubtless many a reader of Macaulay has thereupon hunted up Crabbe with all the zeal of an excavator and tried hard to find the "incomparable passage".

Macaulay evidently admired the matter-of-fact style, discriminating, as in Jane Austen for whom his praise is well known, or otherwise as in Crabbe.

I am, Sir, yours &c.

A. J. R. H.

GRETCHEN—AN ACCIDENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chawton Lodge, Alton, Hants, 16 May, 1903.

SIR,—I have read with much interest and appreciation the letter in your issue of to-day from Mrs. Murphy. The comparing, or appearance of comparing, "Tannhäuser" to "Faust" or Solveg to Gretchen is of course a matter entirely of opinion. In discussing the position of Gretchen in "Faust" your correspondent deals in true criticism and I agree with what she has written. The fault was mine and was a fault of inadequate expression. My intention was not by any means to question the supreme importance of Gretchen in the poem. I wished but to emphasise, referring to a lasting impression produced by seeing the drama given with an almost matchless cast on the Dresden stage, a fact too often forgotten, namely that, to borrow your correspondent's words, Faust is "a

great and fascinating personality" and is indeed "the central figure in the play". No doubt I should have made this more clear, and the use of a particular phrase very open to misapprehension was unfortunate, but I can scarce regret an oversight which has led to the publication of a letter so full of interest and fine perception as Mrs. Murphy's.

Yours truly,

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

BOY AND GIRL MENTAL GROWTH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

78 Gildabrook Road, Eccles, 5 May, 1903.

SIR,—Is there not a fallacy underlying the suggestion which occurs in Mrs. Steel's last article on the Woman-worker that the disadvantages under which women suffer when engaged in men's work are due to "whole æons of neglect"? In the case of a boy and a girl who are twins the boy can hardly inherit an intellectual tendency different from that of his twin sister; the parents cannot hand on to the son an acquired modification, and at the same time withhold it from the daughter.

Would not the baleful effect of the "æons of neglect" become operative after birth only? Does not in fact the girl start clear in a fair field with no favour? And if she were educated beside her brother, should she not develop exactly as he does if her mind is exactly like his? This is however not the experience of those who have taught boys and girls together. Well marked differences soon appear and become stronger rather than weaker as time goes on; instinctively the boys mix with the boys and the girls with the girls; even the presence of brothers and sisters in the same school forms hardly more than a mere connecting link between the sexes which have so little in common apparently at this age.

In mathematics a girl will do laboriously what a boy—possibly through sheer laziness—will do by a short cut if he can find one. The boys are attracted by the problems; the girls by the straightforward exercises. The girl plods zig-zag up Hill Difficulty; the boy goes up on all fours enjoying the scramble. In drawing the girl copies, the boy originates; with the result that the boy often produces a terrible mess whereas the girl's work is usually neat and pretty. The girl is far more fluent than the boy; her ideas seem to come conveniently one at a time and to bring their words with them; the boy blurts out an embryonic mass containing the germs of perhaps half a dozen ideas. Placidity and turbulence seem to be the chief characteristics of the two minds.

May I add to Mrs. Steel's statement "nothing . . . can be common or unclean dull and degrading even to the intellect" this: the most familiar and practical, subjects because they appeal most directly to children and because they are the most readily examinable, are the most useful educationally if they are treated rationally and not empirically as they so often are. It sounds very right and proper to examine the membrane of a frog's foot or the stalk of a flower under a microscope, but the suggestion that rump steak or cabbage could be similarly treated would cause the cooking mistress to smile; though possibly the effect of heat on this kitchen stuff might thereby be made clearer. Why again should a girl learning cookery not be able—provided there is time—to get beyond the fact that yeast is barm and barm is yeast and that it—unlike the Corn Duty—makes bread rise.

I remain yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND AND THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fyzabad, 16 April, 1903.

SIR,—As a native of India, may I take the liberty of requesting you to find some space for these lines in the

SATURDAY REVIEW? In these days when political philosophers have started considering the plausible relations between advanced and backward races of mankind, and of the status of Indian "undesirables", the sincere vote of sympathy of Mrs. Steel for the women of my country comes with peculiar grace and charm. It brings an unexpected amount of relief to the minds of many of us that with at least some sections of the British public all India is not barbaric. Although a native of the soil, I have always ventured to count myself as one of the many admirers of Mrs. Steel's talents. And it is with the hope of convincing some of your readers that natives as a class are not ungrateful, that they possess the faculty of appreciating what is meant for their own good, save when, through want of suitable education they view life through a distorted perspective, that I am addressing you.

The phenomenon of an English lady acquainted with the almost hopeless difference of sentiment that severs East and West taking up the cause of our women and exhorting her own sisters to be a little more conversant with their feelings is one of unique import. It encourages many of us who live and die in hope of a day when there will be a better understanding between the two races, "to suffer woes which hope thinks infinite". How far that day is, and whether we are at anything like a measurable distance from it are things for which we have no sufficient data. We may at any rate console ourselves that it is a power working for good, when some English people do not hesitate to enlist their sympathies openly with the people of the country.

Your most obedient servant,

J. N. P.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 Sibley Street, Providence, R.I.

26 April, 1903.

SIR,—It was with a feeling of painful satisfaction, that I read the letter of "A Canadian Judge" in your issue of 11 April. If Britain cannot do her duty in maintaining the rights of the British Empire in this hemisphere, then let it be frankly acknowledged, but let there be no such exhibition of underhand cowardice and miserable pusillanimity as would be involved in the sneaking betrayal of Canada as suggested by the "prepare to be betrayed" article in the "Spectator". While appreciating the great desirability of friendly relations with the United States, I can not but gratefully commend the stand you have taken on this question; therefore please accept the thanks of one who has for more than ten years in this country, been

A SCOTTISH OBSERVER.

INVENTION AND MUNICIPALISATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On Wednesday last in the House of Commons Mr. Balfour said, "I doubt whether there will be much invention when everything is municipalised. I fear we shall see the same kind of stagnation as takes place in enterprises where there is no competition". There are many of us who respect Mr. Balfour greatly as a man who is more than a mere politician and these words of his may have influence outside the place where they were spoken. They are unlike him. Is there good ground for his doubt and fear? The answer, I submit, is of great importance. The question of invention is but part of the larger question of original research, of pure mental effort to unearth the secrets of nature. The real knot we wish to untie is this:—Is general competition between individuals for subsistence, wealth, power and personal influence a necessity for the full exercise of the mental power of humanity? Would men neglect to use their intellect in acquiring knowledge and increasing their command

over the forces of nature, if this spur of competition for personal material advantage were removed?

Let us consider the facts of history. Under this general competition which always has been and, in the present day, exists to a great extent, the overwhelming majority of mankind are born to labour for their subsistence: whatever brain power they may have or may not have, circumstance prevents them from any mental exertion beyond that necessary for the comparatively mindless labour incident to the obtaining of necessities for bodily existence. Who, then, engage in competition for invention, for original research? Who are free to occupy their time in worrying out the secrets of nature? Only the few, the very few. If we consider these few do we find that it is the spur of vulgar competition for wealth, power and personal influence that urges them on? I think the best horses won't take the spur—would not Mr. Balfour himself buck with the rowels pressed to his ribs? I think with the few, who by circumstance are permitted to compete, humanity has gained more from those moved by sheer love of mental exercise than from the common lovers of wealth and place. Were Faraday, Pasteur, Darwin—to mention but three of a host—touched by the spur? Is it not a common belief that the original inventor always fails, is never a business man? And what does this mean? It means that, even in invention, humanity has to thank men who ignore wealth, power and personal influence for original ideas.

One of two things:—Either the human being is a vulgar brute beast who can only use his intellect when forced thereto by vulgar personal want or still more vulgar personal ambition. If so the world must go on as it now goes on—a battlefield of strife between nation and nation for empire and trade, between man and man for material subsistence, wealth, power and influence. Play of intellect must be left to the few, the very few. Or the human being is a soul made in the likeness of God, struggling through the ages to free itself from this foul material strife that it may attain a state when its spirit and intellect shall be free for that exercise it instinctively desires.

What is municipalisation? It marks the struggle of the many to loose themselves from the bonds of constant almost mindless labour for material subsistence; it marks their instinctive desire for freedom from environments which prevent full use of their intellectual force. I admit fully that municipalisation will tend to blunt the spur of competition for subsistence, wealth, power and personal influence. But who dare say the millions will not labour as hard unspurred? If millions, instead of a few thousands, are free to use their intellect for invention, for original research, must not humanity gain in mental output by the sheer increase of intellectual competition? Is nothing to be learned from the fact that the United States of America give us ten useful patents for one from England? Is this not at least partly the result of their having more men entered for competition? Municipalisation is a *constitutional* movement in the progress of the millions to an ultimate time when all shall be as free from the spur of endeavour for subsistence, wealth, power and personal influence as Mr. Balfour himself. And is our Prime Minister a worse citizen because he was born free? If he allege that he and his like show stagnation in enterprise because born free from competition, I do not agree with him. We must deal with the great body of humanity, not its two useless, comparatively small fringes of the submerged and idle rich.

One last word. Nothing can stop municipalisation. Whether the masses have or have not brains, their rulers, for self-preservation, must educate them. And they, educated, will claim a better chance in life. Our rulers must proceed in a slow, Tory, line of evolution or prepare to meet—what?

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

REVIEWS.

THE PARTY SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.

"Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties."
Translated from the French by Frederick Clarke,
with a preface by the Right Hon. James Bryce.
Two vols. London: Macmillan. 1902. 25s. net.

IN two bulky volumes M. Ostrogorsky presents to the world what is probably the most important contribution to our knowledge of contemporary political methods since the appearance of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth". The result of many years of study and personal inquiry, it contains an exhaustive and philosophic analysis of the organisation of political parties in our own country and in the United States. Of the two volumes, the first which deals with Great Britain will probably be of the greater interest not only to Englishmen but to foreigners. For American methods have been already described, in perhaps sufficient detail, not only by Mr. Bryce, but by many competent Americans; whereas no account at all adequate has hitherto been given of the party organisations in this country. Here M. Ostrogorsky is first in the field; and the results of his investigation will be a matter of great, if somewhat painful interest, to all who care for the political future of England. The interest will be painful because, whereas we are somewhat in the habit of congratulating ourselves that in the matter of politics, at least, we "are not as these Americans", our author convinces us that both the facts and the tendencies in the two countries are far more similar than we have hitherto cared to believe. Both in England and in America he sees as the dominant fact the preponderating power of the party machine. And while fully admitting, what indeed is not open to dispute, that there is comparatively little corruption in this country—a fact which is due perhaps less to our inherent virtue than to the fortunate introduction, at the very beginning of the democratic era, of a permanent and non-political Civil Service—he yet draws a picture of the methods of the party machines which is the less agreeable that its general truth is not disputed even by a "professional optimist" like Mr. Bryce.

In a large democracy—and this is the bottom fact—the number of electors who have any genuine interest in or knowledge of political issues is almost negligible. The mass of the voters must be persuaded or cajoled, not only into giving their vote, but even into claiming it. And they are not, for the most part, persuadable by appeals to intelligence and principle. Bribery in its finer if not its coarser forms is now, as it always has been in the past, a main motive force. The appeal made is to vanity, self-interest, snobbery, prejudice, or, it may be, more brutally to the pocket. And the motives which prevail with electors are also to a great extent those which animate the workers of the machines. We have not, indeed, in this country a host of offices to distribute. But we have little privileges of various kinds, sometimes pecuniary, more often social, and the latter perhaps the more influential in a nation that "dearly loves a lord". All these various motive forces are analysed with pitiless perspicuity by M. Ostrogorsky; and he shows how by virtue of them the party organisations have managed by degrees to transfer to themselves the control of political issues. They select the candidates, they coerce the members, they determine the programme of the party. And though purporting to be democratic in their organisation, they are in fact themselves controlled by an inner ring of wire-pullers.

Under these conditions the men selected to come to the top become less and less men of intelligence, capacity and knowledge, and more and more men of a convenient plasticity. The first requisite for a politician is a readiness to echo the voice of the caucus; it is not until he becomes a "leader" that he has any choice in the tune he is to sing. This would matter less if the machine itself were dominated by intelligence and conviction. But it is not. With a rigorous logic based on long, careful and exhaustive inquiry, M. Ostrogorsky reveals to us the strange combination of narrow egoism, petty acuteness, and flabby indifferent respectability which really pulls the levers of

the great engine. He shows how the typical ward-politician is a member of the "lower middle class", inspired by a love of pot-room domination, possibly not unmixed with some kind of obscure unintelligent principle; how the funds are supplied by plutocrats anxious to protect their interests, or ambitious, probably at the prompting of their wives, of the "honours" we buy and sell; how leaders, candidates and members are bound to co-operate with these forces; and how such counteracting influences as tradition, rank, character and knowledge, though still existent and to be reckoned with, are tending to disappear. We have dethroned our aristocracy to substitute plutocracy enthroned upon the caucus.

All this Englishmen will probably be unwilling to admit; but in our hearts most of us know that it is true. We excuse it however on the ground of the absolute necessity to Parliamentary government of the two-party system. At all costs, we say, we must have a stable Executive; that can only be done by stable majorities; stable majorities can only be secured by maintaining the historic parties; and these can only be maintained by the caucus. Such is our chain of reasoning, certainly not without force. All the more interesting, however open to dispute, are the proposals for reform with which M. Ostrogorsky concludes his remarkable work. In his view, the two-party system is not only bad, it is inevitably destined to disappear. It has in fact never existed except in this country and the United States, where the special reasons for its appearance are explained by our author in his historical survey. Everywhere else parliamentary government is government by groups. This, it is maintained, is the natural system in a free and intelligent democracy, and not only natural but inevitable. It is appearing both in England and in America, in spite of and within the two great parties. These are, in effect, already dissolved; their coherence is artificial, and will not long be able to maintain itself, in spite of all the efforts of the machines, against the natural forces of disruption. And this consummation M. Ostrogorsky predicts not with dismay but with satisfaction. It is, he thinks, only by substituting for the artificial external compulsion of the machines the free bond of a common principle and aim, by superseding, to use his own phrase, unity by union, that he sees any prospect of re-establishing conscience and intelligence as the dominant factors in public life. The association of men who honestly believe in some particular measure, Home-Rule, Prohibition, Protection, or whatever it may be, is a real and vital thing compared to association in those immense omnibuses of miscellaneous and more or less shoddy goods, the Conservative and the Liberal parties.

So, at least, M. Ostrogorsky holds, and it is difficult to disagree with him. But he perhaps hardly sufficiently weighs the objections to his plan; and especially the one referred to above, which has always appeared conclusive to the English mind. All experience, as well as all theory, shows that a chamber of groups cannot give a stable majority, and therefore not a stable Executive. M. Ostrogorsky appears to reply that he does not want an Executive at all. He wants Ministers to stand or fall independently, on their own merits. But who then is to determine and maintain the general policy of the country, especially in its external relations? The Minister for Foreign Affairs, acting on his sole responsibility, or rather responsible at every moment to an unstable and ignorant assembly in which he never knows who are his foes or who his friends; an assembly without cohesion, and without common principle, liable to be swept away by every gust of emotion, and to reverse at a critical moment, by some new arrangement of irresponsible groups, a policy it has sanctioned without counting the cost? That the King's Government must be carried on is still, fortunately, a cardinal principle of English statesmen; and where the Ministry depends, as with us, on the majority of the House of Commons it is difficult to see how it can be carried on except under that system of two parties which M. Ostrogorsky has shown to be from so many points of view intolerable.

It is not however so much our author's prophecies and suggestions, interesting though they be, as his analysis of our actual political conditions, that lends

unique value to his book. No work on English politics so closely in touch with realities has appeared since Bagehot's "British Constitution". The realities are not agreeable, even if some allowance be made for overstatement. All the more desirable is it that we should face them in their truth. The book has a value for practical politicians even more than for students. It is not pleasant reading; but it is eminently instructive. And to know the truth is the first step towards reform.

THE CLOUDS OF PLATO.

"The Republic of Plato." Edited, with critical notes, commentary and appendices by James Adam. 2 vols. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1902. Vol. I., 15s. net. Vol. II., 18s. net.

"IT is an undoubted fact" says a popular history of Greek literature "that this great author is far more talked about and lauded to the skies than honestly read; even diligent scholars find it a task to read a dialogue of Plato honestly through". A disinterested critic, J. A. Symonds, expressed himself in the same way: "Even the golden periods of Plato suffer from loquacity, a twitting reiteration of γὰρ and γοῦν, and μέν and δέ, a conventional expressiveness, a superfluous use of expletives, a disproportion between the thing said and the way of saying it." A study of Mr. Adam's excellent edition of the "Republic" calls these criticisms to mind; the candid reader asks himself how it really stands with Plato's charm and value. That he has, or has had, charm cannot be questioned, and they are to be pitied who have never dreamed with him and in ingenuous anger felt themselves cheated when he avoided defining the Idea of the Good. It is a charm however which works chiefly on the young, who are attracted by earnestness and aspiration, enjoy the vague sense of the presence of a secret, an arcanum, and are flattered by a champion who pours so much high-toned irony upon what is clearly the worse cause. The elderly, more proof against style, and instinctively mistrustful of expansion, make reserves, and question the resulting value of so much subtle variegated dialogue.

The candid and continuous interrogation of Nature pursued by Ionic scientists since Thales was cut short at Athens by the Sophists, who questioned the validity of perception and substituted brilliant unconventional discourse upon practical human topics for observation. With a people who like the Latin nations of to-day love to "talk about ideas" this new school had a vogue, and Socrates, deserting his ancient Ionic masters, was drawn into the current. With what result? The man who reads the "Memorabilia" will receive the clear impression on the one hand of moral earnestness, and on the other of intellectual futility. The intention of making men unselfish and useful is plain—though how little effectual it was Greek history shows—but the intellectual problems which Socrates forces his friends to discuss are infantile; definitions of terms, the difference between abstract and concrete, general and particular, and grammatical or at best logical points sufficient to turn the heads of the elegant youth of the period but which bore the most superficial relation to the increase of knowledge and the growth of the human spirit. Still Socrates' talk, however obscurantist, impertinent, trivial and inconclusive, was talk, and Xenophon collected it in harmless Memoirs. Plato's dialogue is talk on paper, and moreover professes to investigate wide and abstruse subjects. His method suffers from unreality. Complicated political, psychological, physical enquiries cannot be treated by word of mouth. To represent them as so treated involves waste of words and energy; Plato was not ill compared by Timon to one of his own cicale—

τέττιζεν ἰσογράφος οἱ θ' Ἑκαδήμιον
δένδρεϊ ἐφεζόμενοι ὅπα λειρόεσσαν ἰάνου.

His written "floods of talk" possess no compensating advantage. Plato of course thought he was laying bare the mental working of the interlocutors; but sociology cannot in truth be developed by question and answer, and the method fairly breaks down when

the excellent Glaucon begs Socrates to answer his own question. Of course the personages and often the setting are interesting, and probably the picture of Athenian society, the contrast of personalities, however "literary" and unreal, is what has the greatest effect upon most people. In the shorter dialogues, as in the "Symposium", where the interest is psychological and sensuous, or in the "Phædrus", where it is rhapsodic, the artistic value of the creation is so high that the positive scientific result of the dialogue is immaterial; but the principles of government and metaphysics are not of this order, and though we wonder at the sustained skill of the "Republic"—the tough gold wire of dialogue which bends but does not break—we understand how within two generations' time it seemed long, and how it is we find among Theophrastus' works ἐπιτομή τῆς Πλάτωνος πολιτείας α' β'.

Not only in his form but in his subject Plato was on a false tack. His metaphysical system is but a systematisation of the sophist's elementary logical difficulties. The Theory of Ideas crumbles when once the grammatical notion of an abstract term is grasped. Its elegance and purity of form captivated Plato and paralysed his whole inquiry. This is a defect inherent in any deductive system. The formula or dogma once obtained freezes intellectual life, discourages observation, and ends by fixing a gulf between the system and the facts it professes to explain. To proceed "through ideas to ideas", which Plato calls the last and highest stage of intellectual process, is but another name for sterility and eventually nonentity. His stages of knowledge, as they leave what he called appearance, divest themselves of reality and even of significance. This perhaps is true of metaphysics generally, and there are modern systems that do not rest on anything much better than Plato's inability to conceive an abstract term except as an independent existence. However the apparently irresistible tendency of the human race to metaphysics probably guarantees their permanence in the world. Plato's system may be judged by its works, namely by some of the familiar ordinances of his Callipolis. The higher education is to proceed through geometry and astronomy to the Idea. But do we find our friends who are pure mathematicians especially philosophic, especially conversant with general ideas? They usually prefer to be considered men of business. Astronomy is notoriously uncertain in its effect upon the mind. We find it often in the hands of pious priests, others of its votaries are prominent Evangelicals, others again it turns to pessimism. It has no more specific intellectual result than botany or palæography. Then what a curious paradox is Plato's treatment of the arts! The reality of the Idea involves the double unreality of the Representation, and lands Plato in a crooked philistinism singularly alien to his real genius; while he invests his ghostly εἶδη, the quality-less figments of his intellect, with existence, he condemns the forms more real than living man, to which his own nature was so akin, to contempt and banishment. The theory of knowledge indeed is no childish difficulty, but as Plato treats it, it reduces him to the device of ἀνάμνησις. Ἀνάμνησις provoked William Wordsworth to style, and that is a testimony to what Mr. Adam would call its "vitalising force" hardly to be exaggerated; but in its fabric is surely the most baseless proof of any vision. These perverse notions are the fruit of Plato's metaphysical system, itself the development of the mental difficulties of his puzzle-headed master. This method—which Plato called and no doubt sincerely, "Following where the argument led"—amounted in fact to the subtle and cunning presentation of an unfounded a priori conclusion. Plato is completely satisfactory only in his myths, where he frankly kicks away the intellectual ladder and soars on the wings of simple ethical imagination. This pure and sublime fancy, together with his high morality, have made him the support and inspiration of pious souls in many ages, while the less earnest reader has been taken prisoner by his characters, his atmosphere and the ironical imagery which flowed from his pen—purely literary qualities which we know in experience have no relation to truth. While Socrates talked, and Plato dialogued on wax, the real interests of the mind of man were in the hands of Democritus and the Ionic doctors whom Plato so despised, and in the next

generation the powerful organisation of the *Περίπατος* laid the bases of methodical science. Aristotle's priceless collection of facts and his cautious induction therefrom, the *ἀπορία*, the tentative *λόγος*, achieved results denied to Plato's purple web. The weakness of his method is apparent in the sterility of his school—*ἀπαγμωσύνη*, said the Byzantine Aristophanes, was a plant which grew in the Academy—and in his disastrous effects upon later imitators. Plato fired the clouded minds of the Neoplatonists, and how many mystics, harmless and harmful, had used his name before a quack Yankee gospel professed to hold of Plato!

Mr. Adam has well accomplished the difficult task of editing this great work; his book is an honour to English scholarship, and considered together with the genial if loose-knit edition of Jowett and Campbell, Mr. Adam's own text of the Republic (1897) and Professor Burnet's important edition of all the dialogues, is a signal proof of the activity of our nation in matters of ancient literature. Mr. Adam moves easily and with self-possession amongst the enormous mass of Platonic literature, and weighs and judges with sober severity. None of Plato's many aspects escapes him; his notes are models of compressed erudition. He promises another volume, in which general questions, philosophical and textual, will be discussed; but many difficulties already receive ample treatment in the appendices which follow each book. In one the editor continues his duel with the Provost of Oriel over the Nuptial Number (a fruitful and edifying subject!). In critical matters Mr. Adam defends his author, as every good editor should, from assaults whether of wild Dutchmen or of the "intellectuals" of the "Classical Review". With a cool *contre de quart* he turns the point of Mr. Richards and Professor Campbell, and well-pushed attacks transfix Hartmann and Herwerden, Badham, Cobet and Tucker. A contained enthusiasm breathes in the notes, with here and there an indication of the "metaphysical" mind which befits the sympathetic editor of Plato.

THE PERFORMANCE OF CONTRACTS.

"A Treatise on the Specific Performance of Contracts." By the Right Hon. Sir Ed. Fry. Fourth Edition. By W. D. Rawlins. London: Stevens and Sons, Ltd. 1903. 36s.

"FRY on Specific Performance" first saw the light in May, 1858: from the day of its birth the book showed signs of vitality and of making its voice heard in the world, and in middle age it still pursues an active and useful career. With the present edition Lord Justice Fry has had nothing to do; the sole responsibility rests with Mr. Rawlins, who has done his work well. The last edition appeared as long ago as 1892 and in eleven years great legislative changes have taken place which have not been without their effect on this branch of the law.

Specific performance has had an interesting legal history: it seems obvious enough to the ordinary man that if I have promised to sell the *Ansidei Madonna* there should be machinery to compel me to hand over the picture, that I should not be able to slide out of the bargain by merely paying money compensation, but it was by no means so obvious to English lawyers. The common law could not till quite recently enforce delivery of a specific chattel, but the Chancellor in the development of his jurisdiction of conscience, had as early as the time of Henry VI. on more than one occasion refused to let the defendant off with money damages and compelled him to deliver the actual property or grant the actual right he had promised: and by the time of Elizabeth this procedure in the Chancery was well established. Awards on arbitrations were frequently decreed to be carried out, delivery of chattels in specie to their owners was directed, and in one case, which has a very modern smack about it, an agreement to make a licence to use a patent was enforced. When the rules of equity became solidified and stereotyped under Lords Macclesfield and Eldon, limitations and refinements soon appeared; and in particular, just

as in Elizabeth's time cases were often dismissed by the Chancellors as "meet for common law", so where the sale was not of a particular article like a valuable picture, but of common objects in bulk, for instance stocks and shares of a kind commonly dealt in, then there would be no specific performance but only damages. And that is the rule to-day.

This book is conveniently arranged in sections, embodying short statements of the law, which is on the whole the best method for digesting English law: Mr. Rawlins has retained the original text with care, only modifying it where necessary owing to recent cases or legislation, such as the Land Transfer Act 1897: which, by the way, has hardly been as fully treated as it deserved. Cases have become commoner within the last few years in which persons have contracted to buy and sell land and then, when the time comes to complete the conveyance, one or other wishes to cry off the bargain and a suit for specific performance is brought and usually resisted on the ground that there is some technical flaw in the original agreement. The recent important case of *Bennett v. Stone* decided by Mr. Justice Buckley turns on facts like these and is fully dealt with in Mr. Rawlins' text. But it is curious to notice that such an important case as *Dillwyn v. Llewelyn* finds no mention in the book.

NOVELS.

"Typhoon." By Joseph Conrad. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

Accomplished as is Mr. Conrad's work there still clings about it an air of experiment. Therein lies part of its charm. He is not repeating successes, not working by a publisher's rule. He gives always the impression of pleasing himself, of using his material with the fervour of a craftsman, and with no consideration for the shop. One may admire it or not, but one must admit an indebtedness to his inventive handling, even to a certain profuseness in his decoration. Sometimes he spoils his effects with that, but he always adds immensely to our knowledge, for his is fresh, intimate, and illuminated with a fine sense of surface, for what in appearances is essential and indicative. "Typhoon" the first of these four stories might seem a study for the "Nigger" of some six years ago; but there is a greater economy of means and a profounder use of personality in piling up the effects. It is, if imperfect, a most arduous piece of work, and one can think of no one but Mr. Conrad who could even achieve its imperfections. *Pierre Loti*, perhaps, but he would have smudged the thunderous force of the gale with colours which Mr. Conrad adventurously avoids. "Falk" too is a study for which it would be vain to look elsewhere. Unequal, and a little loose at the finish, but refreshingly strong, with the throb of a pulse in it, and with phrases which shape and show the thought to you white-hot from the foundry. It is, indeed, one of the author's peculiarities that with a weakness for multiplying words he uses some with such magnificent effect.

"The Thin Red Line of Heroes." By Mrs. Fred Maturin. London: Grant Richards. 1903. 3s. 6d.

In this excruciatingly frivolous narrative Mrs. Maturin takes her readers in a trooper from Portsmouth to Bombay and gives them cold weather at Dum Dum or Barrackpore. She has cast herself for the part of C.O.'s wife and borrowed a Second in Command from the Haymarket. The whole thing is a burlesque from beginning to end and is none the worse for that because it is only when she tries to be pathetic that the writer becomes tiresome. The incidents are over-coloured where they are not impossible, there is no pretence of a plot and the characters are overdrawn; but they rattle away gaily and do their best to be amusing. Accuracy would be out of place in such surroundings. But still it is hardly necessary to locate Bombay on the Bay of Bengal or to present the Mohammedan table-servant as an idol-worshipper in order to exalt him above the London Christian. Mrs. Maturin may be inaccurate with impunity and frivolous with advantage, but she must not attempt to be serious

under the penalty of becoming ridiculous, nor rely so boldly upon her memory for her jests.

"The Power of the Palmist." By Violet Guttenberg. London: Chatto and Windus. 1903. 6s.

"She stood thus, with one bejewelled hand toying with the flower at her breast." The palmist did this. She liked to create a good impression on her visitors. Also she had a pet tiger-cub, but it turned upon her in the last chapter but one. Her power drove a weak-minded lady to suicide, and temporarily captivated an eligible widower. Otherwise there was nothing remarkable about it. Nor is our blood unduly curdled by the felony of a frenzied musician, whose soul, in his own words, was gradually oozing out of him. "Soon", said he, "I shall have none left". That may seem shabby conduct on the soul's part, but then it had previously lodged with a skylark and with Chopin. The musician wanted someone else's to replace it, so he kidnapped a little boy. Some months later the child's mother wrote to a friend, "neither the Kursaal of Ostend nor the Casino of Blankenberghe can ease the aching of my heart". Yet Miss Guttenberg means well, at times.

"The Triumph of Count Ostermann." By Graham Hope. Smith, Elder. 1903. 6s.

This is a capably written romance of the founding of the Russian Empire by Peter the Great. Count Ostermann, a German, is apparently the one honest man in Peter's employ. He acts as the Tsar's Foreign Minister and helps him forward in his schemes for the progress and betterment of Russia, and on his death serves his immediate successors with continuous single-minded integrity. At the bidding of Peter Ostermann married and though he brought a strong manly affection for his wife, she, a descendant of the Ruriks and divided between the new ideas and the old despises him as an upstart. In this "union of the ever diverse pair" lies the interest of the romance. The characters are drawn with some strength and it is not without interest that we follow Count Ostermann to the culminating triumph which attends his political fall.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Diary of a Turk." By Halil Halid. London: Black. 1903. 5s.

This is the attempt of a Young Turk to set before the British reader a light and entertaining account of life in Turkey as it is. The book is not a diary so much as an autobiography. Much of it is wholly uninteresting but the writer's intimate knowledge of Constantinople enables him to convey an idea of Turkish society and Government which the ordinary Englishman who has spent a short time in Turkey can hardly acquire. The weakness of the book is perhaps the author's prejudice in favour of most things European including clothes. He hates the régime of Abdul Hamid, which he describes as the most corrupt his unfortunate country has ever known. "The present Sultan is unworthy of the title [of Caliph]; but the validity of the claim of the occupant of the Turkish throne to the office, quite apart from his character is incontestable." The Moslem of Constantinople is not likely to show any leaning towards Christianity if he takes his view of the Christian life from its manifestations in the European quarters. "It is unfortunately a fact that all the bad points of European civilisation spread with ease and rapidity, while its good and useful points seem seldom to have any effect on life in Oriental countries." Mr. Halil Halid's so-called diary is not exciting but it will serve to give the average Briton some insight into the life of a people whose last wish apparently is to take part in any progressive movement on Western lines.

"Inventions of the Century," by William H. Doolittle; "Progress of the United States in the Century," by William P. Trent. "Nineteenth Century Series." London and Edinburgh: Chambers. 1903. 5s. each net.

To the curious in mechanical matters, Mr. William Doolittle's volume on the inventions of the century will be the most interesting of the Nineteenth Century Series. The variety and extent of the ground he covers, from the plough to the printing machine, from metallurgy to the pneumatic tube, from the weapon of precision to the lighting of the public streets, has involved research in quarters known probably to few save the specialist. As a record of the manner in which science and resource have come to the assistance of industry, the book is of great interest. Mr. William Trent's account of the United States is refreshingly frank; the progress of the States and the great experiment they are making in democracy are

cordially recognised, but in her wars Mr. Trent considers America has enjoyed luck rather than shown good sense, and he concludes that her people have reason to be proud of their advance in practically every sphere of human activity save in that of politics. His book is to be commended for the fearless manner in which he indicates the weakest and least worthy feature in American national life.

"George Canning and his Times: a Political Study." By J. A. R. Marriott. London: Murray. 1903. 5s. net.

Probably there is no nineteenth-century statesman whose name, for a small circle of intellectual politicians, has so great a glamour as that of Canning. We doubt whether any statesman of the preceding century, certainly not Pitt, exercises so singular a fascination over those who cultivate the imagination; even Carteret could not be more than a fair second in this respect. Mr. Marriott's little appreciation does not throw much more light on Canning, but we find it very readable. Incidentally, he has interesting allusions to some of Canning's chief contemporaries. Mr. Marriott seems to us to do no more than justice to Canning's predecessor Castlereagh whose name even to-day is so hateful to such doctrinaire old-style Radicals as still linger in public life. Conspicuous courage, immense industry, distinct administrative reform are the qualities Mr. Marriott allows to Castlereagh. Surely the man who for many years stood firm against Napoleon, carrying on Pitt's great work, merits some respect from a party to whose lips the word liberty comes so easily.

"Seventeen Trips Through Somaliland." By Major Swayne. London: Rowland Ward. 1903. 7s. 6d.

Major Swayne is a brother of Colonel Swayne who was in charge of the Somaliland operations which led to the present campaign. His book, describing seventeen trips through the country, is in its third edition, and should command new attention just now. It deals mainly with the exploration and sport of several years ago, but a new preface is presented with the new edition covering the "Mad Mullah" risings which he attributes solely to the sale of arms in the hinterland. Major Swayne's account of the immediate past is useful, but his statement that the next eight months will be the best fighting months can only make us wonder why the operations were pushed forward in the bad months to be abandoned on the eve of the good months and the morrow of an unpleasant reverse.

"The Boers in Europe." By G. W. T. Omond. London: Black. 1903.

The Boer War, which was to stagger humanity, ended in the appeal of the Boer generals to the civilised world. It was not for lack of organisation in Europe that intervention in a military sense never came and that the purse-strings of Boer sympathisers were tightened in the hour when even the Boers recognised that their cause was beyond redemption. Mr. G. W. T. Omond's account of the doings of the Boers in Europe and of the ill-will towards England which was at once their great opportunity and their ruin is correctly described as a side-light on history. It is a useful supplement to the innumerable books on the war.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Mai. 3f.

This is a number of very great interest. We have at times found ourselves wearied by the lengthy dissertations of M. Ollivier but this time he supplies us with a paper of great value and considerable power. He is dealing with the policy of the Empire after the battle of Sadowa. He certainly succeeds in demonstrating that Bismarck was justified in regarding the policy of Napoleon III. with very grave suspicion and that this was due to the perfectly insane manner in which his minister Drouyn de Lhuys induced him to plunge into a policy of "compensations". Not only were Bismarck and the King of Prussia rendered irreconcilably suspicious of the policy of France for all future time but Bismarck was enabled to make friends with the most important rival State in Germany, Bavaria, by showing the Bavarian minister the draft treaty by which France proposed to abandon all Southern Germany to Prussia on condition of receiving Belgium, one of the basest as well as the most inept propositions in history. An article by M. Pierre de Ségur on the trial of the Marshal de Luxembourg for sorcery in the reign of Louis XIV. adds another chapter to the horrible revelations given us not long ago by M. Brentano. M. Paul-Dubois is well informed on the Irish question but he fails to make out his proposition that the Government is surrendering to Irish disorder owing to its imperialist policy. M. de Wyzewa writes on Mr. Bryce's recent book and criticises forcibly his lack of logic and method in dealing with the careers of Disraeli and Gladstone.

We have received from Messrs. Constable a copy of the "popular edition" of Christiaan De Wet's "Three Years' War" (London. 1903. 3s. 6d. net). We are glad to see a cheaper edition of this book.

Mr. Allan Fea's "Picturesque Old Houses" (Bousfield. 12s.) has Batemans as a frontispiece, and includes descriptions of Wroxton Abbey, Bourstall, Fritwell Manor House, Water Eaton Manor House, Asthall, Ockwells, Bramshill, and Great Tangle, among many others. It is rather clumsy in form and

we are not in love with the illustrations; but Mr. Fea has seen what he tells us of, and his enthusiasm is sincere.

One of the neatest reprints which we have received of late is Edward Fitzgerald's "Euphranor: a Dialogue on Youth". We are a little puzzled as to what the publishers (Methuen) mean when they describe it as "Fitzgerald's rare little volume". If they mean the original Pickering edition well and good, but "Euphranor", if we recollect aright, was included not so long ago in the Golden Treasury series of books, so we doubt whether it is now scarce or hard to procure. "Euphranor" has the 'Varsity atmosphere throughout as no other work one can recall. That passage can never be forgotten which ends the little dialogue, after the race, when Euphranor and his friends arm in arm walk home while twilight comes on and the nightingale begins to be heard "among the flowering chestnuts of Jesus". This little edition of the book (2s. net) might well have a vogue at Oxford and Cambridge.

The books on garden, sport, and natural history published lately include a reprint of Mr. W. Robinson's "Alpine Flowers for Gardens" (Murray. 10s. 6d. net), which deals with rock, wall, and marsh plants and mountain shrubs. It has a pretty frontispiece and other lesser illustrations of varying merit. Photography, pure and simple, for weekly illustrated papers and monthly magazines is probably indispensable at the present time: in books we heartily dislike it as a rule. Mr. Robinson's book is happily without this feature. Part II. of "Alpine Flowers" takes the form of a catalogue, sound but not inviting. Another book on Alpine flowers is Dr. Hoffmann's "Alpine Flora" (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net) translated by Mrs. A. Gepp. It has many coloured illustrations of the plants described, and will certainly be of real use to those who hunt for wild flowers in Switzerland and elsewhere. The illustrations are quite as good as those of Anne Pratt or Sowerby.—Helen Milman's "My Kalendar of Country Delights" (Lane. 5s. net) is a garden diary, written, we imagine, with an eye to publication. It is pleasing; and full of quotations from the poets and the old herbalists.—"Country Rambles" (Drane. 10s. 6d.) by Mr. W. Percival Westell is a natural history diary, also written with an eye to publication. But we should describe it, for all that, as artless. It contains many interesting facts, and much that is trivial.—"Exmoor Streams" (Chatto and Windus) by C. F. Wade is in the form of "notes and jottings" on the North Devonshire and Somerset trout waters. We have seen, as he has, many a bonny peal bright as a new shilling in the pools of the Lynn between Lynmouth and Watersmeet, but doubt whether the fly ever takes one fairly there. Sometimes perhaps, as Mr. Wade says, the flies take the salmon, but not the salmon the flies.—Other volumes on sport, animal life, &c., include "Rabbits, Cats and Cavies" (Dent. 10s. 6d. net) by C. H. Lane; "Fauna of British India" (Taylor and Francis) Vol. II. Hymenoptera edited by W. T. Blandford; "A Woman's Hardy Garden" (Macmillan Company. 7s. 6d. net) by Helen Rutherford Ely; "The Role of Diffusion and Osmotic Pressure in Plants" (University of Chicago Press) by Benton Edward Livingstone; "The Story of a Bird Lover" (The Outlook Company. 1.50 dollars net) by W. E. D. Scott; and "Ibex Shooting on the Himalayas" (Sampson Low. 6s. net) by Major Neville Tyler.

We have also received: "A History of the North Staffordshire Hounds and Country 1802-1902". By C. J. Blagg. London: Sampson Low, Marston. 25s. "History of the Brocklesby Hounds 1700-1901". By George E. Collins. London: Sampson Low, Marston. 35s. These volumes are admittedly of rather more local interest than the Russell memoir, but they contain a good deal which will entertain fox-hunters generally. A first-class story is told by Mr. Collins of Lord Yarmouth and his Brocklesby tenantry. Dr. Buckland, father of the naturalist, used to visit Brocklesby in the time of the first earl to whom he remarked one day: "Your tenants are of a very high character: where do you get them from?" "Get them", replied Lord Yarmouth proudly; "I don't get them, I breed them".

SPANISH LITERATURE.

Musgo. Por Ramón D. Perés. Barcelona: L'Avenç. 1902. 3 ptas.

Sr. Perés, who is probably best known in this country, as the author of a charming volume entitled "Bocetos ingleses", has also won for himself a very considerable reputation as a poet in a land where versifying (of a sort) has become an inveterate and almost universal habit. It would be a serious mistake to class him with such popular figures as Ferrari and Balart; he has neither the glib facility of the one, nor the cloying sentimentalism of the other, and he suffers accordingly. "Dolores" has found ten times as many readers as either series of the "Cantos modernos"; but it is safe to say that Sr. Perés has chosen the better part, and that the "Cantos modernos" will be read long after the insincerity of "Dolores" has caused it to be forgotten. In all Sr. Perés' writings there is a keen sensitiveness to external influences and an exceptional self-restraint which combine to give him a place apart from his

rivals, and his latest volume is of striking interest inasmuch as it testifies to the marked development of his singular talent. It has the further interest which must always attach to a novel, daring experiment. In "Cantos modernos" and in "Norte y Sur" there are unmistakable indications that the artist is not at ease in his environment. In "Musgo" the evolution is still more marked. Here Sr. Perés breaks completely with the past, and openly discards the secular traditions of Spanish poetry—its alitsonant rhetoric and gorgeous imagery—for a simpler and more exquisite diction. Since the time of Fray Luis de León, nature has been mostly utilised by Spanish poets as an occasion for eloquence and declamatory effects, or as an opportunity for insipid and artificial pastoralism. Take, for example, any volume of Meléndez Valdés: open the pages where you will, and at once you will meet with such expressions as the enamelled meadows, the azure skies the crystal streams, the innocence of the hamlet, and—as Sénancour drily says in the preface to "Obermann"—"tant d'autres que je ne veux pas condamner exclusivement, mais que j'aime mieux ne pas rencontrer". Meléndez Valdés and his fellows may have seen nature (in a fashion); but they have apparently not felt it, and assuredly they have failed to render it. Herrera, Quintana and their brethren chose to sing of platonic love, of dead kings, of victories and defeats, of metaphysical subtleties or of clamorous realities, and their example has been perseveringly followed. But the moving accident is not Sr. Perés' trade. He neither argues nor startles; he is content to impress by delicacy of observation and by an impassioned sympathy with things inanimate; and, as for his vehicle, he has—like Wordsworth—"taken as much pains to avoid what is usually called poetic diction as others ordinarily take to produce it". His effects are so many results of reticent art and finer interpretation. The note of patriotism is distinctly prominent in "Musgo", though it is a quality of patriotism differing widely from that which finds favour in official circles at Madrid:—

"Se enlazaron ya al borde de mi cuna
Cual aguas de dos fuentes
Que á juntar van en sólo una laguna
Sus opuestas corrientes,
La frase castellana de mi madre,
Noble, dulce, severa,
Con el habla viril en que mi padre
A Cataluña reflejaba entera".

This fragment of self-revelation, which occurs in the section entitled "Dulce Terruño", explains a good deal that needs explanation. The mingling of the two strains of blood accounts for the poet's independent position, and for the attraction which he finds in methods that make no very wide appeal to Castilians proper. It may also account, in some degree, for casual inequalities of technique which are certain to receive more attention than they deserve. And yet it will not be altogether unnatural if critics who misconceive the poet's aim should fasten on these trifles: for, when all is said, his volume constitutes a challenge. If he is right, the old models are exhausted, and the present race of Peninsular poets are merely carving cherry-stones. By implication he invites them to abandon a sterile convention, and he gives them an example by opening a window that looks out on Europe. It will be interesting to see if his lead be followed to any great extent. One wishes him well, and yet one cannot but feel doubtful of the issue. Poets do not enjoy being told that they are pagans suckled in a creed outworn. Sr. Perés has against him the force of rooted habit, racial tendencies, and a whole mass of political prejudices which will be set in movement against any author who is suspected (rightly or wrongly) of "regionalismo". Further, it is only too probable that he may find very little support in Catalonia itself. Verdager, Apeles Mestres, Guimerá and others who have taken part in the remarkable Catalan renaissance, have secured for their province a literary pre-eminence which Castile watches with something like vigilant envy. Now, Catalans on their side are a dour, tenacious folk, inalterably attached to their aspirations, ideals and language; and it would not be surprising if they objected to enrich Castile with a new and original poet. We shall see. That Sr. Perés is an original poet is placed beyond dispute by the publication of "Musgo". He brings into Spanish poetry a fresh element; he has something novel and rare to say, and he says it with admirable clearness and beauty of tone. He may not—it is unlikely that he can—succeed in turning the course of a current which has flown unceasingly in one direction for nearly four hundred years, but he has certainly established his own position as an impressive thinker, a master of fine harmonies, and an artist of most finished accomplishment.

Pascua Florida. Por G. Martínez Sierra. Ilustraciones de Apeles Mestres. Barcelona: Salvat y Ca. 1903. 4 ptas.

It is likely enough that, in real life, things do not happen precisely as they are supposed to happen in "Pascua Florida"; but we are only too willing to be persuaded that all is for the best, and, for an hour or two, Sr. Martínez Sierra contrives to give us the agreeable illusion that in Fuencalra the crooked are

(Continued on page 660.)

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Tratado de los Romances Viejos. Por D. Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo. Tomo I. Madrid: Perlado, Pérez y Ca. 1903. 3 ptas.

This treatise on the old Spanish "romances" has been long expected, and we hasten to say that it was well worth waiting for. It is worthy of its author's reputation as the greatest living expert on the subject, and is as nearly definitive as any monograph can be. Its conclusions are practically identical with those advanced in Milá y Fontanals' classic book; but Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo is enabled to produce much fresh evidence in confirmation of Milá's views, corrects his master on certain points of detail, and supplies a most valuable summary of the results obtained by recent research. Such a handbook was greatly needed, for the most untenable theories with regard to the age of the romances have been put forward in English publications. It is not so long ago that a writer in a popular historical series turned aside from his proper subject to discourse on literature, and to declare that many of the "romances" were monuments of immemorial antiquity, contemporary with the events to which they refer. The present work will put an end to these absurd delusions which represent the vague opinions current sixty years ago. The word "old", as applied to the Spanish "romances", has a very special, relative meaning. The attempt to assign them to the same period as the "Poema del Cid" is simply futile. These narrative poems are never heard of till the fifteenth century; and, as the most ancient specimens are remodelled fragments of the tertiary "cantares de gesta", they can scarcely have come into existence much before the very end of the fourteenth century. A proof of this is afforded by the four famous ballads—"Cabalgando Diego Lainez", "Cada día que amanece", "En Burgos está el buen rey", and "Día era de los Reyes"—which are shown to derive from the "Rodrigo". Once this point is established, the notion that these ballads are of Arabic origin must obviously be abandoned. This theory of Arabic influence is, in fact, a poor imagining due to that indefatigable inventor José Antonio Conde whose pretensions to scholarship have been annihilated by Dozy and Renan. The "romances", as Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo points out, are really not ancient but relatively modern; they are not the germ, but are rather the development of a previous stage of verse; and their form, far from being rude or primitive, is manifestly an artistic elaboration of the epic metre. The more closely they are examined, the more modern they are proved to be. Wolf, who was the first to apply critical tests with the object of determining the period of composition, rejected all but six ballads on the subject of Don Rodrigo. These six he assigned to the latter half of the fifteenth century; but it is shown by Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo that Wolf erred on the side of leniency, and that all these six ballads on Don Rodrigo are the work of some courtly maker who flourished during the sixteenth century. Durán gives forty-six "romances" on Bernardo del Carpio, and only one of these has survived examination: the rest are the work of sixteenth-century imitators like Lorenzo de Sepúlveda. Not more than three of the ballads on Fernán González are earlier than the sixteenth century. The cycle of the Infantes de Lara is exceptionally rich in old "romances"; but here, again, the total amounts to less than half a dozen. It is not till we reach the Cid cycle that old "romances" are fairly numerous; but even in this case the adjective should be interpreted very loosely, and, of the forty examples admitted by Wolf in his "Primavera", probably half must be rejected. In another volume Sr. Menéndez y Pelayo proposes to deal with the historical "romances", with the special cycle of Don Pedro, the border ballads, those referring to Charlemagne, and those on chivalresque themes. If the second part of his treatise is on a level with the first, the author will largely increase the debt which all serious students of Spanish literature already owe him.

For This Week's Books see page 662.

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NITRATE PRODUCERS' STEAMSHIP.

THE eighth annual general meeting of the Nitrate Producers' Steamship Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at 20 Billiter Buildings, E.C., Mr. John Latta (the chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. James A. Walker) read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman said: While the amount at credit of profit and loss account is less than last year, it is, considering the conditions which have ruled during the period covered, even more satisfactory than any balance-sheet we have yet had the pleasure of submitting, because the difficulty of earning profits has been immeasurably greater. Never in the history of shipping has the freight market been so overwhelmingly depressed as during the past twelve months. The value of our steamers has been written down to a moderate figure, and our general working arrangements are so complete as to enable us to embrace every favourable opportunity which presented itself; otherwise it would not have been possible to have shown the present surplus, exceeding, as it does, 25 per cent. on our capital. Hitherto your directors have thought it necessary to lay special stress upon the extreme fluctuations to which shipping is liable, and the consequent necessity of building up the strongest possible reserve fund. On this occasion there is no need to dwell upon that state of affairs, as you can almost perceive in this room the gloom which surrounds the shipping trade, and I dread to think what our position would have been to-day had you not supported the safe policy which we have always advocated. The present chaotic condition of the shipping business provides an object-lesson against the senseless practice of paying in good times larger dividends than a shipping company can with complete safety hope to maintain. Had we paid, as our profits would have permitted, 20 per cent. per annum during the past three years, we would to-day have been without funds to pay any dividend, and the value of our shares would undoubtedly have been below par. We consider that any new shareholders who had bought on the strength of these large dividends would have had a just complaint against us for abusing the resources of the Company, they having purchased their shares believing that the dividends paid were justified, every provision for possible contingencies having first been satisfied. Some shareholders have said to us: "But the money is earned, why should we not have it? we don't want to build up a reserve fund for posterity." Our reply is, "We must keep up our fleet, and to do that we must follow sound finance." During the last four years you have received 10 per cent. per annum, while your shares have appreciated in capital value by 40 per cent. Realised to-day, your investment therefore shows an average dividend, profit, or whatever you choose to call it, of 20 per cent. per annum, and when you sever your connexion with us the Company stands financially unimpaired. The shareholder who claims that the same advantages can be secured if all the profit is divided, and he be allowed to provide for his own depreciation, reserve, &c., need only trace the history of companies which have followed that dangerous method to verify his mistake. There is no question but that the intrinsic value of a company built up on sound financial principles should be permanently contained within itself, and particularly so with a shipping company, which is so liable to meet with exceptional difficulties, to say nothing of the ordinary chronic difficulties which are always with us. Here is an irritating case in point of such exceptional troubles. Your directors were amongst the first to build steamers of the shelter-deck type, a type which proved exceedingly useful during the recent war. Prior to committing ourselves to this improved design, we had the assurance of the Board of Trade that by conforming to certain specified rules a certificate, purporting to exempt us from payment of Suez Canal dues on such shelter-deck spaces would be granted by them. To our dismay, when our first steamer passed through the canal, we found on presenting the Board of Trade exemption certificate that the Canal officials contemptuously ignored it. Since then our contention has been that the Board of Trade got us into the difficulty, and are morally, if not legally, bound to get us out of it, unless the Canal authorities

can show some very sound reason for disallowing what the Board of Trade evidently had just reason for assuming should have been legitimately granted. No sound reasons have been, or can be, deduced to justify the action of the Canal authorities. We contend that the Constantinople rules of 1873 should be varied in so far as the type of steamer has varied between 1873 and now. To apply them in any other sense is to abuse their spirit and intention. We understand the Board of Trade did put pressure on the Foreign Office; but it is difficult to conceive how the Foreign Office shook them off. We have, however, reason for assuming that they discussed the question, but with influential owners of passenger steamers, and these owners are stated to have said that passenger steamers pay dues on cabin spaces, whether occupied or not, and they therefore did not see why shelter-deck spaces should not also pay dues when empty. This appears to have been regarded as a sufficiently conclusive answer, as no serious action was taken. A more inappropriate comparison cannot be conceived. All passenger steamers are placed on the same basis—which in itself sufficiently distinguishes their case from ours—quite ignoring the fact that cabins being empty while the steamer passes through the Canal does not mean that they may not have contained passengers from London to Marseilles, Brindisi, Malta, or Egypt, or vice versa. Another important difference may be noticed. When the price of coal went up some few years ago the owners of passenger steamers were in a position to increase their passage money by 5 per cent., whilst under similar circumstances with cargo boats, if the price of coal goes up, it often means an equivalent reduction in coal freights. It is the more inexplicable as the Canal Company do themselves no good, but in reality some harm, as when these shelter-deck steamers can get measurement cargo homewards they can quite equitably charge dues on such shelter-deck spaces. We earn freight, and consequently are only too happy to share the benefits these superior steamers yield with the Canal Company. The question therefore boils down in effect to this autocratic body without rhyme or reason issuing a ukase that shelter-deck steamers may not use the Canal. We have been compelled recently to refuse several reasonably good coal freights, as things go, to the Far East, as our steamers carrying 6,000 tons through the Canal would require to pay, roughly, £300 more dues than a steamer of the more antiquated type, which will actually carry that same 6,000 tons; while, if we bring home a rice, wheat, or similar dead-weight cargo, we would be mulct in a further £300, or £400 more out and home for Canal dues than the other steamer performing the same voyage, which in these times is more profit than any Eastern voyage would yield. The Constantinople Rules of 1873 were framed to apply equitably to all ships. It therefore goes without saying that their application to shelter-deck steamers, as in the case I have just mentioned, is manifestly unfair, and that our claim, viewed from any standpoint, is irresistible. If the question were fairly placed before the impartial directors of the Canal—by impartial ~~human~~ directors who do not represent passenger lines—I am satisfied the restriction would be withdrawn. The Government, for the country's benefit, should press the point, as we were informed by the Admiralty during the recent war that shelter-deck steamers were by far the most adaptable for the conveyance of troops and horses, and, from the figures we have given, you will notice, if something is not immediately done, the building of such excellent boats must essentially cease. Our Government is slow to act in some cases, but over-hasty in others, more, perhaps, for the lack of independent expert business knowledge than from indifference to the shipping interest. I specially mention that case as one that, in the ordinary course of things, could not have been foreseen, and, while I feel certain the Suez Canal directors, for their own credit, must be shamed into giving way, we never know when a bolt from the blue may be sprung upon us. Our unalterable policy must therefore be one that will protect us against all eventualities, and in doing so we claim your continued support. I have now the pleasure to propose that a final dividend be forthwith paid, at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, for the last six months, free of income-tax, and a bonus of 2½ per cent.

Mr. J. Fleming, in seconding the motion, expressed his concurrence in the view that the dividend and bonus represented a very satisfactory return, in view of the times which shipping had recently experienced. If the Company could continue to do as well in the future as in the past, they would have great reason to be gratified with its able management.

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

The sum of £800 was voted to the directors as remuneration for their services, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the meeting.

The List of Applications for Shares will Close on or before May 28th, 1903.

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From the DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT to 31st March, 1903.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources 15,968'196 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 7'53 dwt.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses	£25,069 7 1	£0 12 3'858
Milling Expenses	6,172 6 8	0 3 0'404
Cyaniding Expenses	7,515 7 4	0 3 8'385
General Expenses	2,696 2 6	0 1 3'901
Head Office Expenses	1,193 10 10	0 0 7'039

Working Profit	42,049 14 5	1 0 11'528
	21,333 8 0	0 10 5'823
	£63,980 2 5	£1 11 5'352

Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account	£63,980 2 5	£1 11 5'352

Dr.	
To Net Profit	£21,532 17 4

Cr.	
By Balance, Working Profit, brought down	£21,333 8 0
Interest	199 9 4
	£21,532 17 4

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.
Attention is directed to the following Bearer Share Warrant Coupons, which had not been presented on 31st December, 1902. Dividend No. 2.—Coupons of 5 Shares, Nos. 0001/3; Coupons of 10 Shares No. 0001.
The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £3,110 9s. 6d.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

From the DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT for the Three Months ending 31st MARCH, 1903.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources 16,042'718 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 7'054 dwt.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per Ton Milled.
To Mining Expenses	£23,590 15 11	£0 10 4'484
Milling Expenses	5,470 4 8	0 7 4'865
Cyaniding Expenses	7,143 10 2	0 3 1'694
General Expenses	2,075 7 3	0 1 2'117
Head Office Expenses	1,130 15 6	0 0 5'966

Working Profit	40,010 13 6	0 17 7'128
	27,161 15 10	0 11 11'327
	£67,172 9 4	£1 9 6'456

Cr.	Value.	Value per Ton Milled.
By Gold Account	£67,172 9 4	£1 9 6'456

Dr.	
To Net Profit	£7,354 0 5

Cr.	
By Balance Working Profit, brought down	£27,161 15 10
Interest	192 4 7
	£27,354 0 5

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

GENERAL.

Attention is directed to the following list of Dividend Warrants which had not been claimed on 31st December, 1902:—

DIVIDEND No. 2. C 3, Dr. M. Adae, £10; C 373, M. Friedl, £2 16s.; C 598 J. Leboudy, £1 4s.; C 1,114, Mlle. M. Vuillaume, 16s.; A 241, G. Charil, £1 12s.

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £6,917 10s. 1d.

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